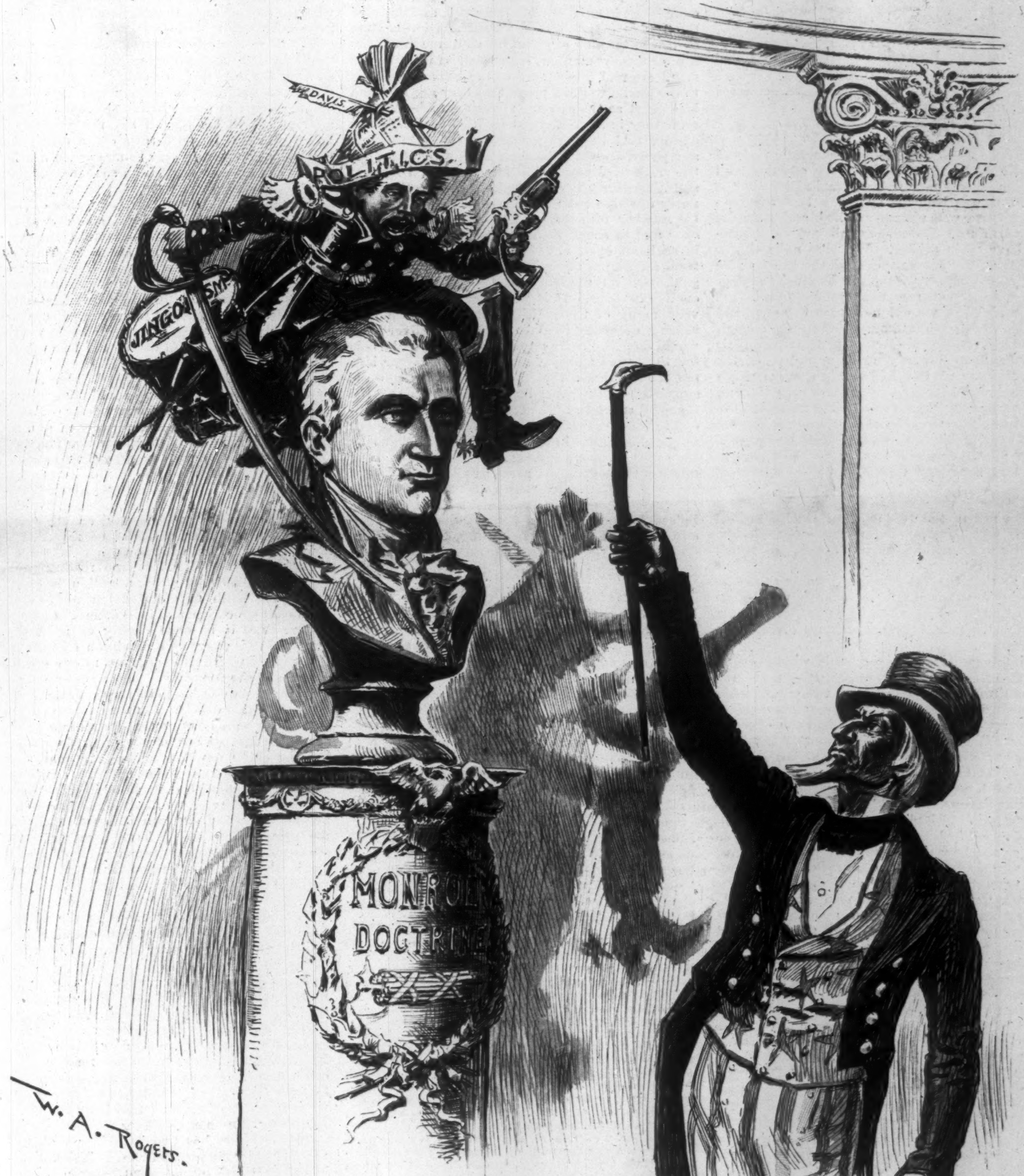
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XL.—No. 2041.
Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


DAVIS
POLITICS
JINGOISM
MONROE DOCTRINE
W. A. Rogers.

NO PLACE TO PLAY POLITICS.

Uncle Sam. "Come down from there, you pesky little critter!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, February 1, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

CONTENTS, NO. 2041.

Cartoon. No Place to Play Politics. W. A. Rogers.
Editorials.
Newly Elected Senators. With Portraits.
Mrs. Mary Lord Dimmick. With Portrait.
Miss Clara Barton. With Portrait.
A Recent Journey through the West. Fourteenth Paper. Our Western Show Streets. Illustrated. Julian Ralph.
Transition. Poem. George E. Montgomery.
Along Alaska's Eastern Boundary. Ill'd. Frederick Funston.
Life and Letters. W. D. Howells.
The Gray Man. Fifth Instalment. Serial Story. Illustrated. S. R. Crockett.
Military Forces of England and the United States.
Fairmount Park. Illustrated.
The Kucheng Commission. Illustrated. George B. Smyth.
Two New Buildings for Columbia College. Illustrated.
This Busy World. E. S. Martin and Others.
Sarah Bernhardt. With Portraits. E. Irenaeus Stevenson.
Amateur Sport. Game Laws and Game of America. Part I. Stoddard Goodhue.

SOUND MONEY AND POLITICS.

WHEN last November the Democratic party of Kentucky split on the silver question, and the sound-money men won a signal victory in the election, it was believed by many that the free-coinage craze was virtually killed, and that the movement for a sound-money policy would thenceforth have plain sailing. We were not quite so sanguine. While we recognized the great value of the sound-money triumph in Kentucky and of other evidences of returning good sense in the South and West, we did not cease to apprehend that the silver men, although not strong enough to carry a Presidential election or to impose their whole financial programme upon either of the great political parties, would still be strong enough to frighten the cowardly politicians of both of them, and thus to deter them from taking an unequivocal and resolute stand for sound money. We are sorry to say that this apprehension is being justified by recent developments. It will be remembered how Secretary CARLISLE, in his speech at the last annual dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce, appealed in a pathetic strain of eloquence to the two political parties to deal honestly with the American people, and to declare distinctly when making their platforms of policy whether they favored sound or fiat money, gold or silver, so that the voters might be able to decide the controversy on an issue squarely put before them." The Secretary when he spoke thus pointed clearly at the most dangerous feature of the present situation.

No intelligent observer can study what is going on in Congress, as well as among active party politicians throughout the country, without forming the conclusion that the sound-money successes of last autumn have not only not had the effect of entirely killing the silver craze, and of inspiring its opponents in the two parties with absolute fearlessness, but that there is a pusillanimity prevailing which has rather the appearance of a reaction following the onward movement of the sound-money hosts which took place a few months ago. The thing the political managers are still most anxious about is not how their respective party organizations may serve to give the country a sound monetary system, but how they may so manœuvre as to secure the support of men who would give the country an utterly unsound monetary system. Nothing could be more significant than the standards of availability by which candidates for the Presidency are being judged. There is, on the Republican side, Mr. REED. He is no longer praised, as he once was, as the champion of sound money "without fear and without reproach," but as a man who has so skilfully conducted himself that even the silver men may vote for him as one who may become of service to their cause. The same is said, by way of commendation, of HARRISON, ALLISON, and McKINLEY—in fact, of every Republican aspirant whose candidacy is taken seriously. There is, on the Democratic side, Mr. MORRISON of Illinois, who is likewise extolled by his friends as a candidate for the Presidency, mainly for the reason that nobody knows whether he is at heart for gold or for silver, and will therefore be acceptable to either side. It is much to be feared that this consideration will be the decisive one with each party when they make their nominations and their platforms, and that there will be between them, with regard to the money question, a difference rather in degree than in kind.

Nothing could more strikingly demonstrate how much our two great political parties have outlived their usefulness than the fact that as to the most vital question before us, a question upon the decision of which will depend the prosperity of the country for an indefinite period, both are afraid to take an unequivocal and decided stand, both resort to evasion and duplicity, both are willing to jeopard the best interests of the country in order to secure party success. This is a spectacle the meaning of which the American people cannot too soon make clear to their minds.

As we have said before, we do not fear that the free-coinage men will absolutely control either the Republican or the Democratic convention, but that they may have influence enough to induce both of them to make bids for the silver vote by evasive or ambiguous declarations, thus avoiding a clear issue, and prolonging that condition of uncertainty which so long has prevented the restoration of confidence, injured our credit abroad, and impeded the return of prosperous times. And this state of things may be expected to continue until the sound-money men in both parties, who understand the real importance of the money question to the public welfare, prove that they are as much in earnest as the extreme silver men are—that is, until they in some way get together and defiantly declare that they are prepared actively to oppose any party, even if it be their own, which does not take a decided position in favor of sound money, and that if neither of them does this, they are ready to strike out for themselves. If a respectable number of prominent sound-money Republicans and of sound-money Democrats would unite in such an open and emphatic declaration, and form a national committee for the purpose of organization on a great scale, the situation would change at once. It is more than probable that very many of the political managers who now think it necessary to make bids for the silver vote, would then find it far more necessary to make bids for the sound-money vote, and much larger bids too, for they know that the sound-money cause is supported by the great business interests and the financial strength of the country. When the policy of the government touching the most important public problem is in danger of being muddled by the selfish cowardice of partisan wire-pullers, good citizens, whatever their party leanings, should not shrink from heroic measures to head the ship in the right direction. The national conventions will, indeed, be upon us in a few months, but there is still time for a vigorous and telling demonstration.

THE DAVIS RESOLUTION.

A RESOLUTION reported to the Senate of the United States on January 20th by the Committee on Foreign Relations, and recommended for passage as a "concurrent resolution relative to the assertion and enforcement of the MONROE doctrine," has been a subject of general comment in the press of both continents. The temptation is strong to criticise the proposed resolution, with its long preamble, as a literary production; and if it were really adopted as a state paper by the national legislature, it would deserve a place in history quite as much by its bold defiance of elementary principles in its use of the English language as by its startling political significance.

Omitting the tedious preamble, which quotes President MONROE'S message of December 2, 1823, at length, and refers to repeated assertions "by Executive declaration and action" of the same "doctrine and policy," made upon similar "occasions and exigencies" since that time, the resolution itself reads thus:

> "*Resolved*, That the United States of America reaffirms and confirms the doctrines and principles promulgated by President MONROE in his message of December 2, 1823, and declares that it will assert and maintain that doctrine and those principles, and will regard any infringement thereof, and particularly any attempt by any European power to take or acquire any new territory on the American continents, or any islands adjacent thereto, for any right of sovereignty or dominion in the same, *in any case or instance as to which the United States shall deem such attempt to be dangerous to its peace or safety*, by or through force, purchase, cession, occupation, pledge, colonization, protectorate, or by control of the easement in canal or any other means of transit across the American isthmus, *whether on unfounded pretension of right, in cases of alleged boundary disputes, or under other unfounded pretensions*, as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States, and as an interposition which it would be impossible in any form for the United States to regard with indifference."

It will be observed that the clauses in italics are awkward insertions, which obscure and annul the obvious intent of the original paper. Read without these clauses the whole is a defiant declaration of lordship paramount over the continents of America and **"the islands adjacent thereto." Islands adjacent to a continent are hitherto unknown to** geography; but the writer of the resolution probably means to include the West India Islands, the Falkland Islands, and Trinidad. Mr. CLEVELAND'S message of December 17th did not exclude the possibility of a settlement of controversies between Great Britain and Venezuela. It expressly said that "any adjustment of the boundary which that country may deem for her own advantage, and may enter into of her own free will, cannot of course be objected to by the United States." But Mr. DAVIS apparently believes that the American people will support him in contradicting the President on this point, and in declaring that no nation of the American continents shall be free to enter into any agreement concerning its own soil and boundary without our approval. His plain meaning is that if Venezuela shall concede to British Guiana a boundary one hair's-breadth beyond that which it pleases us to dictate, we shall enforce our notions by war upon both countries.

But there are other interests and other controversies which may possibly arise in the future concerning the ownership or dominion over lands or islands in the Western hemisphere. France and Spain, as well as Great Britain, have colonial possessions whose boundaries are not precisely defined. Senator DAVIS throws out a drag-net for them all. That there may be no chance lost for a quarrel, he defines our position so that every power on earth which, even in remote prospect, can have any concern with the soil or commerce of America, shall regard itself as directly challenged. That a Senator of the United States should choose a time of especial embarrassment in the national finances, and of unprecedented difficulty in our foreign relations, to play the demagogue with such a firebrand of public sentiment, with no conceivable end but the attainment of partisan success or personal leadership, is a conspicuous illustration of that patriotism which Dr. JOHNSON calls "the last refuge of scoundrels."

But the resolution has evidently been amended by the insertion of the clauses in italics. What is the effect of these? They simply destroy its meaning, rob it of all point and pertinence, and make it in sense a piece of bald commonplace. No declaration of Congress is needed to prove that an attempt which this nation shall deem "dangerous to its peace or safety" will be resisted by all its resources, or that "unfounded pretensions" to dominion on this continent, on the part of any power whatever, will not be regarded with indifference. But what occasion is there for such a declaration? A solemn reaffirmation of elementary truth by a great nation is childish, unless the truth so affirmed has an immediate practical application, and is in danger of being forgotten. Let it be once clearly established that some power is asserting a dominion on unfounded pretensions, which is dangerous to our peace and safety, and the propriety of such a resolution might become debatable, though we should probably strike without further debate. But the only case to which any citizen can imagine the declaration to apply at present is one in which the pretensions supporting the claim are now under investigation by a tribunal of our own choice, and in which no man has yet been foolish enough to imagine that the peace and safety of the United States can be involved except by our own rash folly. In short, the amendments which have been made to the resolution, by inserting the qualifying clauses, have left it wholly without excuse for being. It means nothing whatever, except a gratuitous insult to all the foremost of friendly nations.

Nothing is more conspicuous in the history of Congress, since the Venezuelan question became prominent, than the utter cowardice of members before an imaginary public opinion. In the true spirit of the demagogue, nearly all have joined in the mad Jingo shout, or else waited to see whether it is politically safe to resist it. Fortunately for civilization, the people are not so foolish as their would-be leaders seem to believe. The DAVIS resolution, which was recommended by the committee of eleven, against the sole protest of Senator GRAY, has found little favor with the press and the public, and that little is rapidly diminishing.

This question has two branches: first, what is the rightful boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela? and second, what concern is it of the United States? If the commission now in session can throw light on the first inquiry, we may fairly do so for the benefit of both parties to the dispute. If the decision is really of substantial moment to us, so that any result would threaten the peace, safety, or honor of this country, we shall do well to resist that result at all hazards. But neither

point is yet settled. The second, in particular, has found no adequate discussion; and has been lost from sight in the haze and smoke of the absurd conflict about "doctrines" and "principles." If it shall clearly appear to the American people that there is no real title to the disputed territory, apart from the right of possession; that much of it has been settled by enterprising colonists of our own blood, in the faith that they would be protected and governed by a civilized nation, under laws like our own; that dominion over these colonists is now sought by a half-breed community, under the sway of a military despot, whose rule, called republican, is but murderous terror tempered by corruption; and that, under the pretext of a "doctrine," this nation is called on to war against civilization, for the promotion of barbarism—the people will think long before they enter on such a war.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

So much has lately been said concerning the Alaskan boundary, and alleged international agreements and disagreements on the subject, that the time seems opportune for a statement of the precise position in which the matter stands.

Every one is familiar with the fact that Alaska was ceded by Russia to the United States in 1867 for the sum of $7,200,000 in gold. The territory so ceded resembles in its conformation an animal with a large body and two ragged tentacles of unequal length, with the larger of which it reaches out toward Asia, and with the shorter down toward the United States. With the longer tentacle, which is formed by the chain of the Aleutian Islands and extends into the open sea, we are not now concerned. It is bounded by the ocean. The shorter tentacle—which is actually a part of the mainland, but which, owing to its mountainous character, looks on the maps like a caterpillar feeling its way along the coast—is involved in the pending boundary question. We shall show just what that question is.

In the early part of the present century territorial rights on the northwest coast of America were in a very uncertain condition, the claimants (after 1819) being England, Russia, and the United States. The question of proprietorship was suddenly brought to a head in 1821 by the Emperor of Russia, who in that year issued a ukase by which he assumed to exclude foreigners from carrying on commerce and from navigating and fishing within a hundred Italian miles of the coast from Bering Strait down to the 51st parallel of north latitude. As this ukase was founded upon and necessarily carried with it an assertion of title to all the territory north of that parallel, it was met by Great Britain and the United States, who claimed territory far to the northward, with firm and decided protests. These protests were received by Russia in a proper spirit, and the negotiations that ensued resulted in two treaties—one between Russia and the United States, and the other between Russia and Great Britain. These treaties were separately negotiated and separately signed.

By the treaty between the United States and Russia, which was concluded in 1824, it was agreed that the citizens of the United States should not thereafter form, under the authority of their government, any establishment on the coast or the adjacent islands north of 54° 40′ of north latitude, and that in the same manner Russian subjects should form no establishment south of that line. Thus Russia left it to the United States and England to divide the territory south of 54° 40′, and the United States left it to Russia and England to divide the territory to the north.

This England and Russia, by a treaty concluded in 1825, promptly did, so far as agreeing upon an unsurveyed line through a country practically unknown could do it; and the line then adopted is that which continues to form the unmarked boundary between the Alaskan Territory, now the property of the United States, and the British possessions.

The line thus agreed upon was defined as follows: Beginning at the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island, which touches the parallel of 54° 40′ north latitude, between 131° and 133° of west longitude, the line was to ascend to the north along Portland Channel till it should strike, on the continent, the 56th degree of north latitude; and from this point it was to "follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude . . . ; and finally, from the said point of intersection, [to follow] the said meridian line of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean." It was further expressly provided that Prince of Wales Island should belong wholly to Russia, and that whenever the "summit of the mountains" extending "parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude" should "prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues," or thirty geographical miles, "from the ocean," the boundary should be "formed by a line parallel to the winding of the coast," and "never to exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

The most cursory examination of this line in connection with a map will show that it falls naturally and scientifically into two divisions. The first division is that which bounds what we have called the shorter tentacle of the animal, reaching toward the United States; and the second, that which bounds the eastern side of his body. The latter division, which begins near Mount St. Elias, and continues to the Arctic Ocean, is a fixed line, namely, the 141st degree of west longitude, and it only needs to be surveyed and marked. It is now proposed to have this work done by a joint international commission, and a convention for this purpose will doubtless soon be concluded.

The first, or southern, division of the line, from the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island northward, along the course which has been defined, to the 141st meridian of west longitude, which that course intersects near Mount St. Elias, is indeterminate. There is a divergence of views between American and Canadian experts as to what channel is meant by Portland Channel; and it is exceedingly questionable whether such a dominant range of mountains exists parallel to the coast as was assumed by the negotiators of the treaty of 1825, who doubtless used the charts of Vancouver, on which mountain ranges were marked with artistic regularity. When we read the definition of this part of the boundary it becomes manifest that the existence of a range of mountains parallel with *and within ten marine leagues of* the coast would operate to the territorial advantage of British Columbia, and correspondingly to the disadvantage of Alaska. Differences of view have also developed as to what is to be considered as "coast" and as "ocean" within the meaning of the treaty.

In order that all the facts touching the southern division of the line might be ascertained, the United States and Great Britain in 1892 entered into a convention for a coincident or joint survey, which was to have been completed within two years. In February, 1894, the time was extended by a new convention to December 31, 1895, but the work is not yet finished. The object of this survey, as it is expressed in the convention of 1892, is to ascertain "the facts and data necessary to the permanent delimitation of said boundary-line in accordance with the spirit and intent of the existing treaties in regard to it"; and the contracting parties "agree that, as soon as practicable after the report or reports of the commissioners shall have been received, they will proceed to consider and establish the boundary-line in question."

The rapid development of Alaskan industries and commerce in recent years, and the discovery of gold in territories adjacent to the boundary, have made it important that the line should be determined and marked. As early as 1872 President Grant brought the matter to the attention of Congress. Nothing, however, was done, and the subject was not revived by the Executive till 1885. Since that time it has in one form or other been steadily pursued. It may be observed that a committee of the Chamber of Commerce of Seattle, in a recent report, declare that, in their opinion, the British Columbian interpretation of the treaty of 1825 in respect of the southern division of the boundary "can be safely overthrown and the contention of the United States established before any impartial tribunal."

THE TAMMANY SCHOOL BILL.

When the Legislature of 1895 adjourned at Albany in May last the two principal reforms sought for by the Committee of Seventy and their supporters that had not been granted were police reorganization and public-school reorganization. The energy of Commissioner Roosevelt and his associates has gone far to make amends for the failure of the police reorganization measure, but in the public-school system the same lethargy, the same lack of administrative efficiency and responsibility, the same sacrificing of large public interests to political and personal ends, are to be found as at any time during the past fifteen years.

It was hoped and believed that Mayor Strong would not only sweep the Tammany representatives and their allies out of the Board of Education, but that he would put in their places strong representative citizens who would undertake the much-needed and long-awaited reforms with promptness and determination. Unfortunately he did neither. Some of the most obnoxious of the Tammany members were not removed, owing, it is said, to personal "pulls," and a majority of the new appointees could claim no special fitness beyond entire respectability. As a result the schools have gone on just as before, in the good old Tammany days. Changes and improvements are so few and far between as not to be noticed, and the resistless and terrible machine that is worshipped as the "System" goes on its way as it has for a generation past.

But so absurd are some of the long-time survivals in the New York school system that not even so lethargic and unprogressive a Board of Education as the present one could pass them over entirely. Therefore, in the early autumn a committee, presided over by a Tammany Hall lawyer, was set at work to prepare a school bill for presentation to the Legislature of 1896. The forms of an elaborate investigation were gone through with, public hearings were held, and all the impressive paraphernalia of deliberation were called into play. As a result there was reported a bill rearranging the public-school system of New York that is undoubtedly the worst of all the many proposals that have been made in recent years, and some of them were bad indeed. Nevertheless, the intelligent citizens of the metropolis have witnessed the spectacle of this thoroughly unworthy bill being sent to Albany with the formal approval of a majority of a Board of Education that Mayor Strong had it in his power to reconstitute entirely. To their honor be it said, six gentlemen vigorously opposed the bill, and were recorded in the negative on the final roll-call.

Those who remember the discussions in Harper's Weekly last winter are aware that the New York public schools rank among the poorest and most mechanical in the country, and that their low state is attributed primarily to the complexity and necessary inefficiency of their administrative system, and secondarily to the very inadequate and machinelike supervision that they receive. The Committee of Seventy submitted a school bill to the last Legislature that would have remedied both of these defects, but the politicians did not want them remedied, and a Platt-Tammany alliance killed the bill in the Senate. The bill that is now pending, with the approval of a majority of the Board of Education, is ingeniously contrived to multiply and perpetuate existing abuses, and should it unhappily become a law, school reform in New York will be dead for a generation.

The administrative inefficiency above referred to is due to the fact that the Board of Education, which ought to have full and direct control of the schools, and be held responsible therefor, is checked and limited on every hand by the powers of twenty-four local school boards, called trustees, who appoint all teachers and make all repairs to the buildings, in addition to exercising other important powers. The Committee of Seventy very properly proposed to sweep these local boards—a relic of the time when the present metropolis was an aggregation of separate villages—out of existence, and so to simplify administration by definitely fixing both power and responsibility. The pending measure, which may be most properly described as the Tammany school bill, actually increases these local boards from twenty-four to forty-five, and allots the patronage equally among them. The insolent daring of this proposition has taken those interested in school reform by surprise, for it seems to overlook entirely the lessons of the popular uprising of 1894 that resulted in Mayor Strong's election. But the very audacity of this Tammany measure will doubtless lead to its defeat at Albany. To bring about that defeat is the duty of every good citizen and of every right-minded legislator.

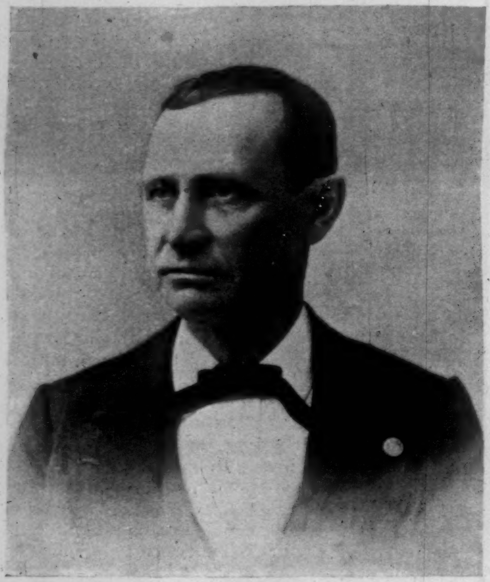
A SIGNIFICANT WITHDRAWAL.

After nine months' harassing experience in Cuba, Captain-General Campos has retired from office and returned to Spain. The event marks an era in the history of the present rising against Spanish authority, and indicates the arrival of what may well prove to be the critical point in the movement for independence in Cuba. Nine months ago General Campos was selected as the one man at the disposal of Spain who was fitted by character, ability, and antecedents to put down the rebellion; to-day he has abandoned the task. There is no reason for doubting that he has done his best to justify the expectations of his country, and he has frankly acknowledged that he has failed. Why he has failed is a moot point, on which opinions both in Cuba and in Madrid differ, and will probably continue to differ. There is a party in the colony—and it appears to have the ear of the Spanish government—which holds that he has failed for want of severity, and believes that a system of terrorism would have done more in the past, and will yet succeed in the future. It is vastly to the credit of the late Captain-General as a man that, knowing well that such opinions were popular both at Havana and Madrid, he refused to adopt barbarous methods of repression. It is not unlikely that it will yet be said of General Campos, when the history of the struggle comes to be written, that nothing of all his Cuban career became him so well as his withdrawal from a task for which he was too good. In Cuba and elsewhere he has a good record as a soldier, and perhaps a yet better record as a man, and he could afford to resign the task set him better than to pursue it at the cost of the best half of his reputation.

It is understood that a policy of stern severity will now be inaugurated. Spain has no better soldier than General Campos at her command, but it may well be that she has many less humane and scrupulous men. The experiment, however, of letting such men and their methods loose in Cuba may, after all, prove a dangerous one. Already the efforts of the revolutionary party have largely enlisted the sympathies of freemen everywhere, and especially in this country; and it may well be that the adoption of more barbarous methods, while failing to crush the movement, may lend to American sympathy a more practical form than it has yet taken. In any case, the threatened change is a confession of failure. Whatever else it may be, it is an admission that the feeling of the Cuban people is strong enough, and has proved sufficiently hostile to Spain, to resist successfully all methods of repression but those from which civilization revolts. Such a confession is a bad omen for the cause and country that make it, for it is one which human experience leads men to regard as the usual forerunner of defeat. In the last Cuban war it was only when the methods now advocated had, after seven years' trial, resulted in failure, that success was at last secured by resorting to the man and the methods that have now been discarded. The leaders of the revolutionary party have so far shown themselves rather more than less capable in this than in the former rising, and there is little reason to doubt that they will prove equal to the new emergency created by a return to the semi-barbarous conditions of warfare which proved so ineffective against their predecessors. It is perhaps too much to hope that even now wiser councils will prevail; and yet we would fain believe that experience has availed to teach civilized nations the lesson that no prize whatever is worth the having that can only be retained by methods which involve inhumanity.

MRS. MARY LORD DIMMICK,
The Prospective Bride of Ex-President Harrison.—[See Page 114.]

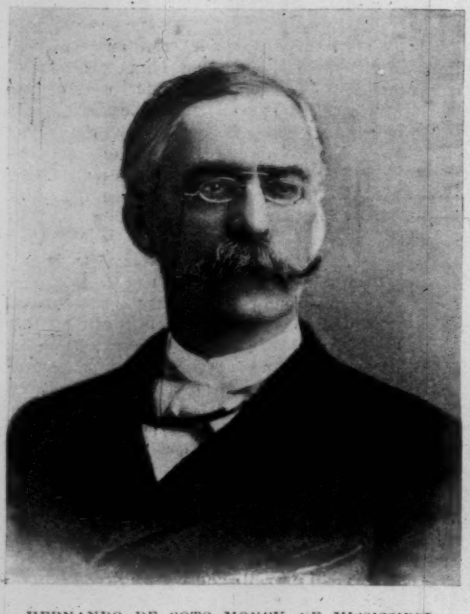
MISS CLARA BARTON,
President of the American Red Cross Society.—[See Page 114.]



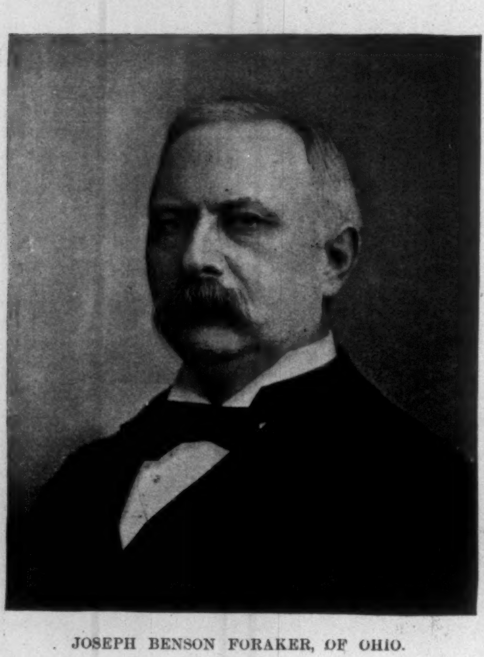
ARTHUR BROWN, OF UTAH.

FRANK J. CANNON, OF UTAH.

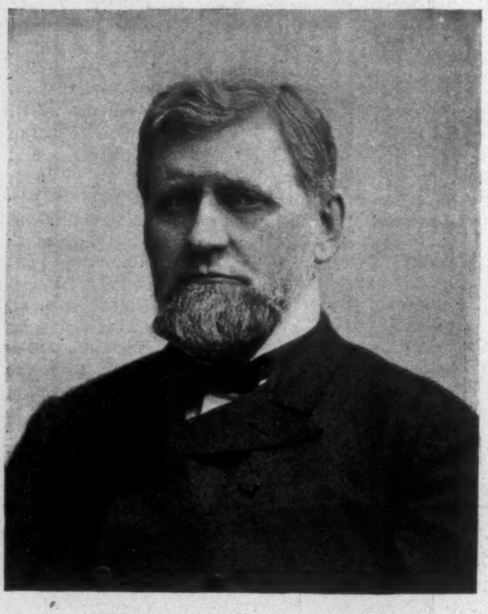
GEORGE L. WELLINGTON, OF MARYLAND.
From a Photograph by Bendann,



HERNANDO DE SOTO MONEY, OF MISSISSIPPI.
From a Photograph by Bell.

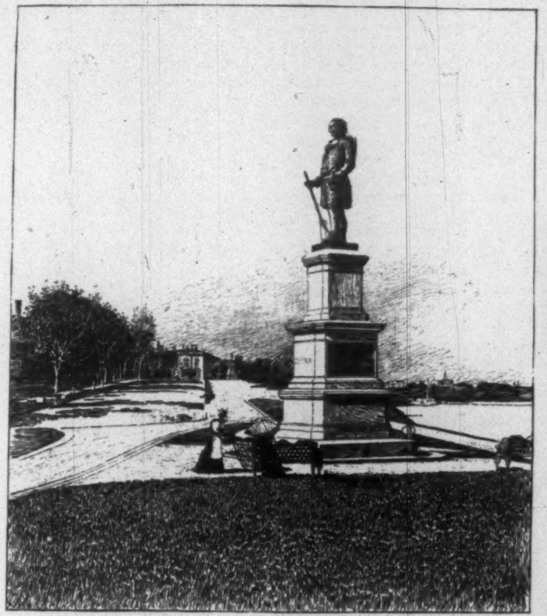


JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, OF OHIO.
From a Photograph by Landy.



WILLIAM B. ALLISON, OF IOWA.
From a Photograph by Bell.

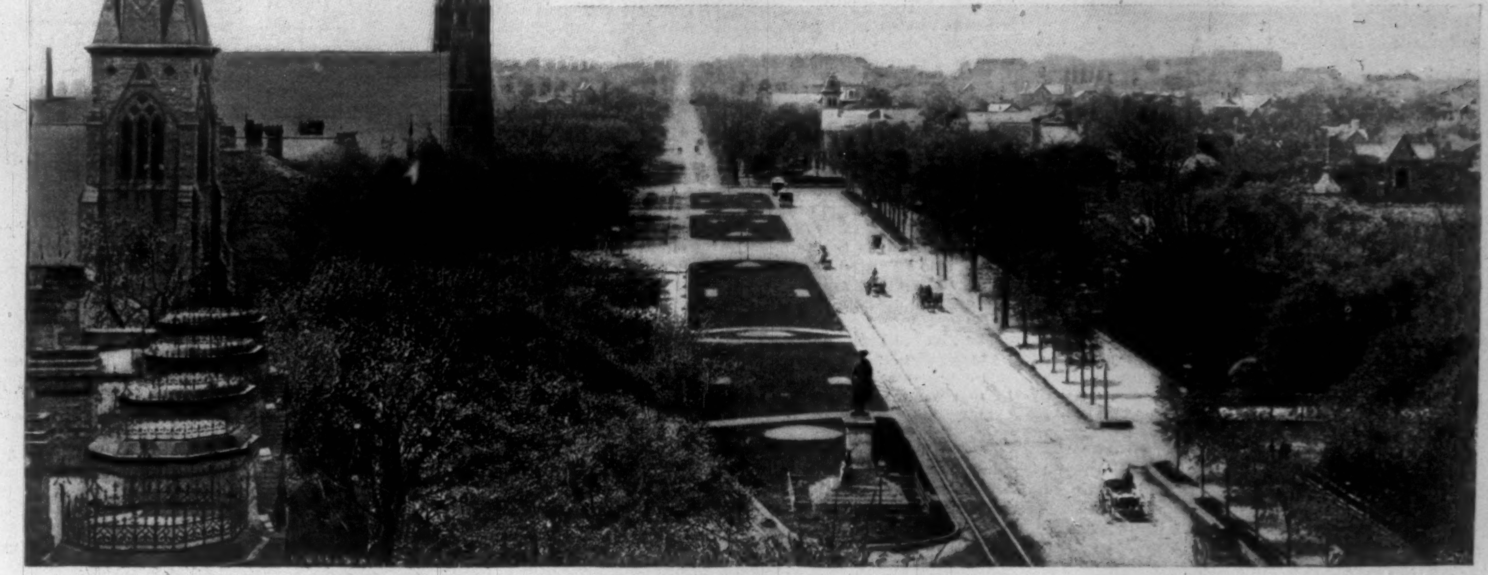
NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATORS.—[See Page 116.]



JUNEAU MONUMENT, AND A BIT OF PROSPECT AVENUE, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

SUMMIT AVENUE, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

DELAWARE AVENUE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.



GRAND AVENUE, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

XIV.—OUR WESTERN SHOW STREETS.

EUCLID AVENUE, long famous as the finest residence street on the continent, is now in its decadence. It has glories still, but they are fading. It is still the widest of these noble thoroughfares, and long reaches of it remind one of its former almost royal perfection. But it is no longer the finest street in America; it cannot compare with at least two others, perhaps more, in the smaller cities. Instead of having an elegant modern roadway of concrete, it remains paved with uneven blocks of stone. Instead of presenting a long array of open lawns, it is still fenced in after the old private-spirited fashion. Worse than that, its fences reflect a lack of pride on the part of the residents, for some are falling to pieces, and some are even covered with posters.

The business part of Cleveland, which used to lie below the public square, has now passed that old barrier and crept up several blocks beyond the beginning of Euclid Avenue. The first few blocks of the once elegant street are now given over to retail trade, like that of Twenty-third Street in New York. Beyond that are clubs and boarding-houses, and one has to walk some distance before coming upon the region of splendid private mansions. These are still kept up so far as they are occupied. But too many are closed, and, all together, they cover only a few blocks. Beyond them one comes upon trolley tracks and the huddle of shabby little shops which marks the former city line. While I was in Cleveland, in April, the authorities decided to extend the famous boulevard at its original great width into the newly opened outskirts of the city. Their idea was that the splendor of the old avenue could be continued along this extension, but I think the citizens generally regard this as dubious. The opening of a splendid lake-side section to the west of the city, and the creation of a noble chain of parks and driveways around the city, together with the distending influence of the electric-car lines, make it impossible to say at this time where the future millionaires and present rising generation will build their palaces.

Forgetful of Brooklyn's higher claim to the title, and in fine ignorance of the existence of Minneapolis, the people of Buffalo call that fast-spreading place "The City of Homes." In its forty-odd square miles of area there are, indeed, a vast number of homes which are owned by their occupants, and because of the abundance of trolley lines and the reasonable prices asked for building plots, these homes are very often set amid grassy lawns and backed by little gardens. This wholesome, enviable condition reaches its climax in the often lordly houses and the splendid grounds that face one another along Delaware Avenue, the show street of the city. If Delaware Avenue is not as aristocratic (in its scenic effects, I mean) as Euclid Avenue was in its heyday, no one will dispute the truth that it has a more modern grandeur and is better worth living in than Cleveland's dethroned boulevard. From its beginning to its end Delaware Avenue is "select," and where it is not possessed of age and beauty it boasts historic interest. Does it not begin with the Millard Fillmore mansion? And close to that are many fine old places between twenty and forty years old, and still impressive, ample, and displayed upon broad and deep grounds.

I do not remember how long Delaware Avenue is (more than two miles, I think), but its reach embraces at least one unbroken mile of very fine mansions. These are of the most modern types, and therefore represent our present adaptations of the best of the old types. They are as individual and as varied and dissimilar as their owners, or as the tastes of the often famous architects who gave them birth. Richardson is represented by two or three very fine examples of his master-work among the older new mansions, while many of later dates are by the leading architects of New York and Boston and by some very promising men of Buffalo. These great and beautiful homes, in which the well-to-do folk enjoy, within town, certain parklike qualities of rural life, would be rated in the commercial mind at figures between $20,000 and $100,000; certainly there are many that cost fifty to sixty thousand dollars.

Ground is not stinted around the houses that contribute to the parklike aspect of the avenue, and these comprise the whole thoroughfare except one very peculiar side of one block, which the neighbors call "the Midway Plaisance." This little group is made up of revivals of the finest examples of old-fashioned city-house types—such as many old families yet cling to in Philadelphia, and such as have degenerated into boarding-houses and even worse in downtown New York. These mansions stand close together in a solid block, behind a narrow ribbon of grass, and therefore make an interesting rather than a fine display on Delaware Avenue. They jar on the sight just there, and cause the beholder to wish he had seen them in solidly built New York, where they would be in place and would be greatly admired. But all the rest of the avenue is a great broad bowery boulevard, continuously and heavily shaded by four rows of trees above the clean, smooth, concrete roadway and the majestic, carpetlike lawns of proudly kept grass. Crossing the avenue is North Street, and three blocks of that street form, in my opinion, the finest bit of parklike street development of the same length in all America. These three blocks are like a superb miniature of superlative villa effects, for there is not a blemish upon the vista. All the residences are noble, the driveway is perfect, and the green borders between the street and the mansions are wide enough to produce a magnificent scene. To those who do not understand that city folk keep country homes for the sake of the change rather than for the sake of the country, it seems absurd to hear that these Delaware Avenue and North Street homes are closed in summer, and that the families go to the lake-side, the river-side, the sea-shore, and the Adirondacks.

Buffalo is a very "horsy" place, noted for its polo-playing contingent, its part in the Genesee hunt, and its good judgment and large expenditures in horseflesh. It maintains a riding-school, and gives an annual horse show; in fact, among the lake cities only one—Detroit—is to be compared with it for the possession of those attractions that attend a love of driving. It is needless to say, therefore, that Delaware Avenue is often gay and lively with fine equipages. Of more novelty is the fact that it is part of a splendid drive through the park system, that begins where the avenue ends, and so out upon the Niagara boulevard and into the pretty outskirts of town and the country beyond.

Though Detroit is much less Western, in the way of newness, than many cities to the eastward of it, it also has some fine streets of the semi-rural, villa-plot character. I have known Woodward and Jefferson avenues fairly well in the past, and on my recent westward journey, having this subject of noble streets in mind, I stopped off at Detroit, almost solely with the idea that I might find these avenues to be of the highest grade. Woodward Avenue is of the style of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo—a broad thoroughfare between fine lawns and stately mansions, but a revolution that is disturbing business conditions has marred the beginning of the avenue, and a line of trolley-cars has been permitted to wrest it from its residents—so truly can it be said that tram-cars let in upon a street do actually take possession of it, and from marring it at the outset, proceed to demoralize it. The trolley, useful as it is, is the worst form the genus takes. For proof, witness the shabby poles and disorderly wires on each curb and overhead along Woodward Avenue. Worse yet—and this is an especial vice of Detroit's—the use of soaring skeleton electric-light towers of iron truss-work has spread even to this noble street, so that it is now straddled by these unsightly hundred-foot-high candlesticks.

Woodward Avenue, therefore, belongs in the category of fine, but not of finest, streets. It has a modern pavement, grand and plentiful shade trees, and some houses that might almost be called palaces among its many mansions. Especially is it notable for the several costly and beautiful new churches that it boasts. But its woful straddle-legged iron towers and its poles and wires have apparently affected even the dwellers within the fine houses, and their loss of pride reveals itself in an untidiness that they once would have cried out against—not merely in the display of real-estate signs and placards and theatrical bill-boards, but in positive untidiness along the roadway. So nearly does it come to claiming a place among the West's finest streets that it will not keep itself out of this glance at the subject. It is admitted into the best company in the hope that its owners will correct its faults, all but one of which—the trolley-cars—are remediable. There are trolley appurtenances that are not altogether unsightly, and if these were demanded, if the hideous light-towers were pulled down and the negligent authorities were called to task for not sweeping the avenue, it would do the work that fine streets surely must perform in awakening civic pride and stirring the ambition as well as cultivating the taste of the people.

Among the Western cities Milwaukee is a belle. It has the daintiness, the grace, the constantly freshened charm of a young queen among towns. Time was that "the Cream City" (as they call it, by reason of the color of its especial brand of bricks) nourished hopes of becoming a noisy giant, a resounding railway centre, and of outstripping Chicago. Its ambitious people now content themselves with being first in certain lines and second in many other important ones. But these commercial triumphs interest me less, in a country so cocksure of commercial successes, than the artistic, ornamental, and picturesque features that Milwaukee, more than most Western business towns, has managed to develop. From end to end Milwaukee is as presentable and attractive as it can be made by wide, well-swept streets, by yellow walls designed in tasteful shapes, by the sweet breath of its malt-houses, and by the irresistible elbow-grease of German neatness and thrift. It is saved from being monotonous, even in its orderliness, by unexpected fountains and little parks and squares and wedges of greenery.

It has two very fine streets—Prospect Avenue and Grand Avenue, in which the insistent pride of the people finds its fullest expression. The first of these is prospectively one of the finest boulevards on the continent; too new, at present, to more than promise what it is to be, and yet its promise is pregnant of almost the greatest possibility, if no untoward impulse comes to change its present inclination. Amplitude and grandeur, to accord with the view it boasts beside the sealike lake, characterize the plan upon which it has been laid out, and it is immaculately kept, and handsomely started by costly residences. It is interesting to know that this is a continuation of the noble Sheridan Drive out of Chicago. Though its beginning is thus eighty miles distant, it is said to be sure to become a continuous boulevard, since all the cities on its route are continuing and connecting their contributions to it. In Milwaukee the avenue skirts a high bluff that commands the cool green wilderness of water. The width of the roadway is very great, and it lies between emerald bands of grass beneath young trees. These edgings of grass are cut from the great reaches of lawn beyond them by the neat white pavements, which, by-the-way, are not more tidy or orderly than the drive itself. Already a mile and more of the avenue is built up, and the delightful journey along it carries the visitor past a pretty park, past decorative shoulders of the lake bluff, past two monuments—one of which (that of Leif Eerik) is among the most artistic in America—and so on out to a great new lake-side park system now under construction.

Grand Avenue, Milwaukee, would be called in the West an old street. It has been for many years one of the show streets of the region, and it has preserved its quality so much better than Euclid Avenue in Cleveland that to-day it is a finer street. It is broad, long, straight, and parklike, and while not as close to present taste as Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, is nevertheless the seat of far greater wealth. It has million-dollar houses upon it; in fact, one brewer is said to have spent three millions upon and in one of its many castlelike mansions. It is more like Euclid Avenue than any street in the country, and is made so by its solidity and a certain indefinable citylike heaviness. This costs a great deal to create, and yet is avoided nowadays, even by those who are trying to spend their wealth in favor of suburban, bowery, and even country effects. Of the streets I have seen, it is first among the old ones and second to Delaware Avenue among all that I have mentioned. The fact that the street is at a lower level than the houses, and that they stand upon a commanding terrace amid their old trees and on their great lawns, is a priceless quality that this and no other of these noble streets possesses. In places the roads and the lawns are nearly upon the same level, but I speak of the terrace as a feature that most of the avenue boasts. There are many very great mansions and a few houses that the local newspapers refer to as palaces, but the main defect, and it is an unlooked-for one in an old street—is that there are too many small and simple dwellings that do not accord with the pretentious plan of the avenue or with their grand neighbors. It is scarcely necessary to say that this boulevard is unfenced, since there are few fences in all Milwaukee. Though I have spoken of Grand Avenue as an adult boulevard, it considers itself young, and, like many a maid whom society has sentenced, it still has hopes. It is not well paved, but it is to be very soon, and there is every reason to believe that the poorer houses will gradually give way to costly ones. Thus we shall have added to life a new spice in watching a race for supremacy between Grand Avenue, Milwaukee, and Delaware Avenue, Buffalo.

Our finest street of this type has not yet been mentioned. I doubt whether any one has ever told, in print, the name of the glorious thoroughfare in question; yet I have no hesitation in doing so, because the one I mean is *sui generis* and absolutely peerless. It is Summit Avenue, St. Paul. Man's art is no finer there than in some other such works—though it is of the finest—but the combination in that boulevard of man's work and nature's ground-plan is unexampled. Summit Avenue is more like a driveway in a park than any other street in the country, and the park that it makes is a crown on the edge or top of the mountainous side of the grand valley of the Mississippi, and commands one of the only two great views that accompany the nobler streets—a view that surpasses the tame outlook upon chill and cheerless Lake Michigan from Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, as Lake Geneva surpasses the Croton reservoir in Central Park.

No idea of the grand beauty of this majestic residence street can be given without more or less reference to the views it commands, whether they be those that lie below, upon the clouds of foliage in St. Paul, pierced with a myriad of gables, roofs, and spires, or those that span the lower scenes and cross the valley to the furlike greenery that clothes the noble bluff beyond and the great plateau upon its top. This table-land is also green and densely clad with tree foliage, and yet is dotted with villages, churches, large open country estates, and velvety farms, all of which are in the farther foreground, and are seen to melt into an apparently unbroken wooded expanse. It is a very large part, and a very beautiful part, of the world that the dwellers and the travellers upon this prince among streets enjoy while they are under the spell of its own finished and æsthetic charms.

I know of no view like this from any street of any quality in America—except one. That is the outlook from the rear windows of the too closely built villas of Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, down in the green waters just within the Golden Gate and across to the highlands of Saucelito, which is a bit of the Inland Sea of Japan transplanted in great bulk and in undiminished beauty.

Thus in its basis or site and in its setting, as well as in the plan of its development, Summit Avenue leads all the noble avenues of the kind. Its mansions stand back between twenty-five and one hundred feet from the pavements, in lawns of corresponding width. Between each lot front and the curb is a grassy space of twenty-five or thirty feet, and in the middle is the spotless asphalt drive with a width of fifty feet. Unlike any of the other ambitious streets in our cities, this one rises and falls in a long succession of very graceful slopes, on the edges of which one looks from the foundations of the near houses across the middles of the distant trees to the bases of the trees beyond, where the street again reaches the level. And more peculiar and still more beautiful, the avenue is forever curving.

In a general way it follows the Mississippi until, some miles from its first houses, the great river bends on its way to Minneapolis, and the avenue crosses it, but in that course the avenue keeps curving, this way and then that, at frequent intervals. These bends enhance its greatest charms, because they continually renew the impressions those charms make upon the mind. They cause the street to burst freshly into view beyond each curve with what appear to be surprises, but are really only new disclosures of its beauty. Nowhere does the avenue keep to an unaltered course for even a quarter of a mile. At many points, one of which is a little shaded triangular park, the splendid view of which I have spoken is drunk in to the full, but always everywhere along the avenue there is a part of it to be seen—sufficient to suggest the idea that the beholder is at the bottom of an emerald bowl formed of the high, curving walls of the valley of the Father of Waters.

The view of the avenue itself is of as fine a thoroughfare of its kind as Americans have built. The effect of the masses of dark green foliage above the great reaches of lighter green grass, and of the grayish ribbons of roadway and pavement, is almost theatrical. On each side the concrete walk is divided from the road by a broad belt of well-kept grass, above which the shade trees stand close together. Then come the lawns, almost all unfenced, and, far back, the houses. The lawns are mainly unbroken, except here and there by a fountain or a clump of shrubs or, now and again, by handsome trees. There is no beauty, known to house surroundings like the arch beauty of unbroken lawns and trees, and the St. Paul people know the fact. The neatness, cleanliness, and orderliness of the avenue and its borders was, when I saw them in May, like that of a palace garden.

The houses are not yet all that they ought to be. There are palaces like that of Mr. James J. Hill, scarcely to be excelled in cost or size or beauty in the country; and there are mansions, but there are also oldish and modest frame dwellings, which must erelong give place to buildings more in consonance with the plan of the street, and, in the mean time, the general pride in the avenue keeps even these presentable, and their grounds are as admirable as the rest. Summit Avenue is "built up" fully a mile. Beyond is a two or more mile reach of new boulevard that it is reasonable to believe will yet extend the glory of the street.

There may be readers who will not agree with me in rating Summit Avenue above all other streets of its kind. If so, they will be such as prefer the more citylike characteristics of Euclid and Grand avenues in Cleveland and Milwaukee. But I observe that the newer tendency in fine residential street planning is toward the very same open, parklike qualities that Summit Avenue possesses. Such is the character of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, and of Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, and Summit Avenue is finer than either of these.

TRANSITION.

FROM height to height, from transient day to day,
  The soul goes seeking its divine desire,
  Growing and deepening as new hopes inspire
A bold progression in a bolder way.

Spurred by a mighty zeal, it cannot stay
  Quiescent like a strong but unfed fire;
  The son takes up the burden of his sire,
And bids the future lead him as it may.

Thus do the generations change their creeds,
Thus dreams are nurtured till they grow to deeds,
  Thus time may turn aside an ancient doom.

So winter merges into summer skies,
And as the mists of spring are made to rise,
  The faded hawthorn finds the rose in bloom.

G. E. MONTGOMERY.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THERE have been some recent expressions of feeling about a certain gross sin against decency which I think must have had the concurrence of all right-thinking, or at-all-thinking people. This sin is so common among us, that the shame of it has attached to the American name in the mind of every alien who has visited us, and of many who have merely heard of us. I am talking, of course, of our loathsome vice of spitting in public places.

I.

The early observers of our manners supposed this was an effect of the tobacco-chewing habit, and they hoped it would disappear with that. But tobacco-chewing, in the North at least, is almost as obsolete as snuff-taking; and yet the other offence seems as rife as ever. It is so bad that if one thinks of it, one must keep one's eyes well lifted from the pavement, or suffer a distress in walking abroad which would not afflict one in any other civilized country. In our own country I have an impression that the habit is worse in New York than elsewhere, but perhaps it is the character of our paving that renders it peculiarly obvious, though this would not account for its disgusting conspicuity at every turn. What makes it so maddeningly offensive is that it is the habit of people who would not dream of offering you an offence if they once thought of it. A quite well-dressed savage will commit this sort of nuisance a dozen times a day, and pass on ignorant of the qualms that he has inflicted, and in the full conviction that he is incapable of a filthy outrage. Yet he is really a savage in what he has done, and the fact that he has done it thoughtlessly accounts for him rather than excuses him. The well-bred man, the gentleman that every American wishes to be held, is pledged to the thought of others in everything, their rights, their feelings, and if he forgets them he is so far false to his ideal of conduct. But a nasty habit of any sort is something even worse than this in the man who indulges it; it is a shabby and shameful act of oppression which the witnesses and victims cannot resist. If a man spits in your presence, you cannot right yourself or restore the tone of your nerves by telling him he is a dirty fellow; it would not avail if you did, and perhaps in other things he is not a dirty fellow; at any rate it is not the custom to be frank with such offenders, and you must suffer in silence. His habit unhappily *is* the custom, especially the American custom, as all sidewalks, common stairways, and public passages bear sickening proof, and he may turn your stomach without breaking the peace; but if you reproved him for it in adequate terms you might be guilty of something actionable. He has injured and insulted you, and you have no redress. You have no recourse but to civilize him, and this, I understand from some late utterances in the press, is what the ladies are going to attempt.

II.

Women are the chief sufferers by any breach of good manners or good morals, and they are peculiarly the sufferers from this habit, which is a breach of both. They can hardly go into the street without bringing home some evidence of it on their garments, or enter a public conveyance without incurring the risk of a nauseous pollution from it. The savage who has put this cruel indignity, this vile and cowardly injury upon them, may be far away when it happens to them, and probably is so. But if by chance he should be at hand or within reach of their angry eyes, it is proposed that they shall fix him with an incinerating stare, and then lift their gaze significantly to the placards which appeal in many public places to gentlemen against spitting on the floor.

The measure does not seem very drastic, but it will do for a beginning. Perhaps its efficiency might be promoted by multiplying the placards mentioned, and relanguaging them. They ought to be put up not only in all conveyances and halls, stairways and vestibules, but at every street corner and on every lamp-post. There ought to be let into the sidewalks at intervals of half a block, tablets of brass or marble, and instead of entreating gentlemen not to spit in a given place, these ought to be mandatory and objurgatory in the highest degree. To call such offenders gentlemen, and request their polite forbearance in a matter of such mere elementary decency, is too comical. I suppose I shall hardly live to see some offender of this sort arrested, and given his choice of cleaning up his filth or going to jail, but posterity may have this pleasure.

III.

My transport of moral indignation naturally brings me to the subject of the theatre hat, which I am sure the ladies will wish to have treated of with the same public spirit and rigorous impartiality as I have shown in dealing with another abuse. At least, I feel sure that no woman of real refinement can be hurt by the most unsparing denunciation of this means of oppression. Fortunately the nature of the abuse is such that one can enter fully into a consideration of it without sharing in the infliction of the injury from it, and I am disposed to invite the reader to a careful inquiry concerning the wearer of the theatre hat. Cruel and tyrannical as I find her in effect, I do not find her so culpable in intention. I think that oftenest she is a person of rather a simple mind, who thinks that to see her empty little head crowned with a confection of felt, ribbons, and feathers of the bigness of a half-barrel will be a consolation to those it keeps from seeing the play. Perhaps it would be hard to persuade her that it is not so. It is possibly, even probably, the only hat she has, and she has seen herself with it on so often in the glass that she has naturally come to overrate its worth and charm. She cannot imagine the trembling of the poor man who has the seat behind the one she is coming to take, his fluctuations of hope and fear before she appears, or the despair he falls into when she actually arrives and blots out the stage with her hat. She may be young and pretty, her hat may be picturesque, but he has not paid two dollars for the privilege of looking for three hours at the back hair of a young and pretty girl in a picturesque hat. He has bought his seat for the purpose of seeing the play, and the person who prevents him from seeing it plunders him and oppresses him, however unwillingly and unwittingly. I believe he would rather the silly marauder in front of him were only artificially young and pretty, as she very often is, with a color of hair and of cheek that cannot be mistaken for that of life any more than the motive in a romantic novel. Then at least he can think his thoughts without compunction, and can experience a wrong which has no mitigations: one likes an injury to be complete. But when it comes to the fact of two large hats in front of one, the cup perhaps runs over. Then no agility in dodging to the right and left, no elasticity in straining and stretching, will avail. When the vast hats, the painted cheeks, and gilded hair are tilted together, for the more intimate exchange of impressions, one suffers a superfluity of outrage which is wholly wanting in symmetry.

IV.

There is really no more recourse from the vice of the theatre hat (it might be more specifically called the matinée hat) than there is from the vice of public spitting, except in the civilization of the vicious. I have sometimes imagined asking at the ticket-office, when I buy my seat, "Does this coupon guarantee me against the eclipse of the stage by a woman with a large hat in the seat before me?" But I know very well that if I asked such a question I should not be taken quite seriously; and yet I do not see why the theatre managers, who are putting up their prices higher and higher every season, should not sell certain seats with this guaranty. They might ask, say, half a dollar more for such a seat, and forbid any woman in any sort of hat (the most exiguous aigrette in the simplest toque can blot out a heroine at the most important moment) entering the rows of chairs so reserved.

This device would afford a temporary relief from the outrage, while the wearer of the theatre hat was being taught the first principles of justice and humanity. Her education might begin with some measure analogous to that proposed for the reform of the public spitter. There might be a union of victims pledged to offer a respectful protest against women in large hats leaning their heads together, and to organize a system of placards for all places of public entertainment to some such effect as, "Ladies in large hats are requested to tilt their heads all one way," or, "Ladies in large hats must refund the gate-money of persons sitting behind them, on complaint that they have not preserved a precise perpendicular." This would be entirely reasonable, and the return of the price paid for such seats would be but partial indemnity for the sufferers' disappointment and wear and tear of temper. A woman might quite as justly keep a parasol open over her head as wear one of those hats; the people in the row behind could then have an even better chance of seeing the play.

V.

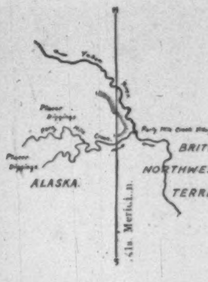
I do not expect any early reform of the vices I have reprobated. Public spitting and the theatre hat are habits too deeply grounded among us to be easily uprooted; and I think the chief use of calling attention to them is to unite them in the reader's abhorrence, and to point the moral that every offence against decency and equity is of the quality of an oppression. It defrauds one or many of rights which belong to all, and to secure which governments were instituted among men, as the Declaration of Independence says. By-and-by, I hope, the resentment against bad manners and bad taste may become so general as to be embodied in the constitutions and statutes of the several States; but there must be a long course of education first; and it is a great pity this could not begin in the public schools. It might very profitably be taught there that any one who infringes the comfort of another violates his freedom, and that to offend his sensibilities is to maltreat and to outrage him. With the fact that two and two make four it might be fitly inculcated that the indulgence of a vanity which molests is of the same moral effect as the indulgence of a habit which disgusts, and that both are acts of incivism and proofs of barbarism.

W. D. Howells.

ALONG ALASKA'S EASTERN BOUNDARY.

I HAD occasion in the year 1892 to visit a number of points on the southeastern coast of Alaska, and to spend four months in camp at Yakutat Bay, near the base of Mount St. Elias, where at the time of my visit Messrs. J. E. McGrath and J. H. Turner, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, were engaged in ascertaining the exact longitude of the great peak, and securing other data as a preliminary to subsequent boundary work. Further travels in Alaska and adjacent portions of the British possessions took me, in April, 1893, over the Chilkoot Pass on foot to the head-waters of the Yukon, and down that stream to the mining camp of Forty-mile Creek, where I remained three months. Leaving here at the close of summer, I pushed on to the north, and went into winter quarters with a band of Tinneh Indians on the site of the abandoned Hudson Bay Company's trading-post of Rampart House, on the Porcupine River, within rifle-shot of the lonely cairn of stone erected by Turner in 1890 to mark the exact point where the 141st meridian intersects the Porcupine River. A long snow-shoe journey toward the north, undertaken during the winter, brought me on March 27, 1894, to the end of the continent at Demarcation Point, sixty miles west of Herschel Island, in the Arctic Ocean, where I found the Pacific Steam Whaling Company's fleet in winter quarters. The journey from Rampart House to Demarcation Point had been in a due northerly direction, with the exception of one considerable detour to the west, and had consequently been along or very near the boundary-line.

At this point it may be proper to state that as to that portion of the boundary-line extending from Mount St. Elias north to the Arctic Ocean there is and can be no serious dispute. It is acknowledged by both parties that the 141st meridian divides the American from the British possessions, and the exact location of this meridian is merely a matter of painstaking astronomical observation and calculation. Whatever friction may arise in the future over this portion of the boundary-line will be not on account of uncertainty as to its location, but because of the fact that it lies *between* the placer diggings of the Forty-mile Creek district and the village of the same name on the Yukon, from which the miners must necessarily obtain their supplies, as it is the nearest point to the diggings that can be reached by the Yukon steamer. A reference to the accompanying diagram will make this matter clear. It will be seen that the Yukon River, which rises in the British Northwest Territory, flows in a northwesterly direction, and enters Alaska. At a point about eight miles east of the boundary-line, and forty-five miles above where the Yukon crosses this line, the river receives the waters of Forty-mile Creek, a stream about eighty miles long, on the head-waters of which, well over the line in Alaska, are the much-talked-of Yukon gold-diggings. At the junction of Forty-mile Creek with the Yukon on the British side of the line are the trading-post and collection of miners' cabins, comprising quite a village, which takes its name from the creek. The great bulk of provisions and general supplies needed in the camp must be brought in by way of the mouth of the Yukon.



At Forty-mile Creek Mr. L. N. McQuesten, who has been for many years a trader on the Yukon, took charge of the goods that had been brought up on the steamer *Arctic*, of the Alaska Commercial Company, in its annual 1400-mile trip up the river, and sold them at retail to the miners and Indians, taking gold-dust and furs in exchange. The miners worked in the diggings eighty miles east of the village from May until September, and the provisions necessary for their use during this short working season were taken part way up Forty-mile Creek in boats poled by Indians, who, when they reached the head of navigation, unloaded the boats and carried the freight on their backs to Franklin Gulch, Miller Creek, and other places where the miners were at work. At the close of the season, when the cold weather caused a cessation of work, the men went down to the village on the Yukon at the mouth of the creek, where they remained in comparative idleness during the eight months' winter. Both the trader and the miners were, during the first five years of the camp's existence, under the impression that not only the diggings, but the village also, were in American territory, though they knew that the line could not be far to the eastward. It was not until 1888, when Mr. Ogilvie, a surveyor in the service of the Dominion government, went over the Chilkoot Pass and made a series of observations in the vicinity of Forty-mile Creek, that the inhabitants learned that the diggings were on the American and the village on the Canadian side of the line. The next year the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey sent to the Yukon two well-equipped parties, one under Mr. J. E. McGrath and the other under Mr. J. H. Turner, whose work was to establish stations on the Yukon and Porcupine rivers, and by a series of accurate astronomical observations locate the exact point of intersection of the boundary meridian with these two streams. Of course these officers, representing as they did only one government, had no authority to establish a boundary-line. It was merely intended that their work should be preliminary to that of a boundary commission whenever one should be appointed by the two governments to delimit the line. Mr. McGrath established his camp on the Yukon near Forty-mile Creek, near the point where Mr. Ogilvie had ascertained that the meridian intersects the river, and erected an observatory. A year of painstaking work resulted in the location of a stone monument on the bank of the river, which marks as nearly as it can be located the intersection of the boundary with the Yukon. A line extended south from this point passes eight miles in an air-line west of the trading-post, and crosses Forty-mile Creek at a place called by the miners "Boundary Bar"—fourteen miles, following the windings of the stream, southwest of the post.

So long as there were no representatives of the law in the country, no customs officers and no police, nobody cared where the boundary-line ran, and, until a couple of years ago, matters went on in a very free and easy way. Every summer some fifty or sixty new arrivals would brave the terrors of Chilkoot Pass, Miles Cañon, and the White-horse Rapids, in order to try their luck in this far northern mining camp, and every summer about the same number would go out of the country, some of them with a few thousand dollars' worth of dust, more of them "dead broke." The white population of the camp averaged about three hundred; Indians, the same number. The Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco, which had so long enjoyed the monopoly of the Yukon trade, found itself confronted in 1893 by a rival, the North American Transportation and Trading Company, also an American concern. This company put a steamer on the river, and established several trading-posts, the most important of which was within half a mile of McQuesten's post at Forty-mile Creek, and was called "Fort Cudahy." A fierce rivalry sprang up between the two posts, and about every miner and Indian became a partisan of one or the other. Whiskey, which had heretofore been kept out of the Yukon Valley by the refusal of the Alaska Commercial Company to carry it on its steamers, was now brought from Juneau over the Chilkoot Pass by a lot of unprincipled adventurers, both American and Canadian, who at Forty-mile Creek sold it indiscriminately to both white men and Indians. The sale of liquor to Indians was opposed by McQuesten and most of the American miners, and there was considerable talk of resorting to summary measures to suppress it. Bishop Bompas, a Church of England missionary, who had been on the Yukon for some years, appealed to the Canadian authorities to establish some sort of law in the country. The North American Transportation and Trading Company now thought to score a point against its rival by inducing the Canadians to establish a custom-house at Forty-mile Creek, and collect duty on American imports, as they intended to handle British goods bought at Victoria, British Columbia, bringing them up the Yukon in bond. These two appeals to the Dominion authorities resulted in despatching to Forty-mile Creek, in the summer of 1894, a small force of the Northwestern Police of Canada, under Captain Constantine, who had the powers of magistrate and customs officer. Captain Constantine returned after a couple of months, leaving one of his subordinates in charge.

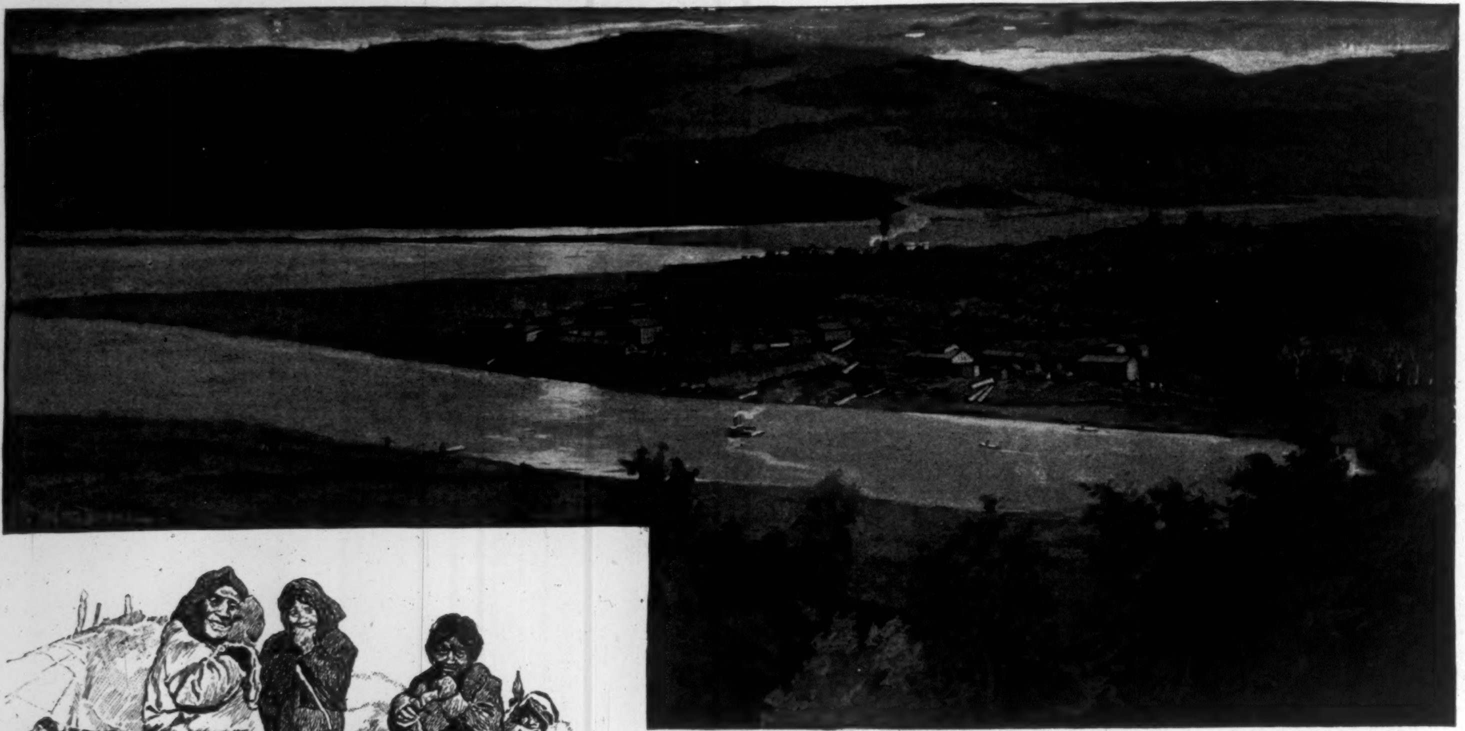
On the United States revenue-cutter *Bear*, in which we both took passage from St. Michael to Unalaska in September, 1894, I had a talk with this officer, in which he told me that the occupation of the place by the police had nothing to do with boundary matters, but was solely for the purpose of preserving order and enforcing customs regulations. No one familiar with the state of affairs in that camp in 1893 can have any doubt that their presence will have a good effect. Miners returning from the country say that during the summer of 1895 the force was considerably strengthened. The propriety of the action of the Dominion authorities, however, in collecting customs duties on American goods here is, to say the least, open to question. Every ounce of gold taken from this locality has been from the American side of the line, and the village is across the boundary only because that is the only route by which the mines can be reached from the Yukon. The goods taken up to the diggings for use during the summer recross the line at once; but for the privilege of resting under the British flag for half a week they pay a handsome duty. British goods cannot be brought into the country, because from here to the Canadian Pacific road stretch 2000 miles of trackless wilderness. The Chilkoot Pass route, as well as that from Taku Inlet to the head of the river, is impracticable for freight, and they cannot be brought in bond by way of the lower Yukon because it would necessitate the maintenance of an American custom-house on the Yukon, or sending a customs officer with every load of freight, which would cost the United States more than all the duties at Forty-mile Creek amount to. Fully one-third of the miners in the camp are British subjects, and they have the same privileges in the diggings that the Americans have.

A recent press despatch stating that the British authorities had established a mail route to this camp was the cause of no little adverse comment by our newspapers, the general impression being that it was in Alaska. It may as well be understood, once for all, that while the mines are in Alaska, the village itself is British. If this mail route is from Juneau, as reported, it must cross at the head of Dyea Inlet, a small strip of what has always been considered American soil, and over which United States authorities have exercised jurisdiction.

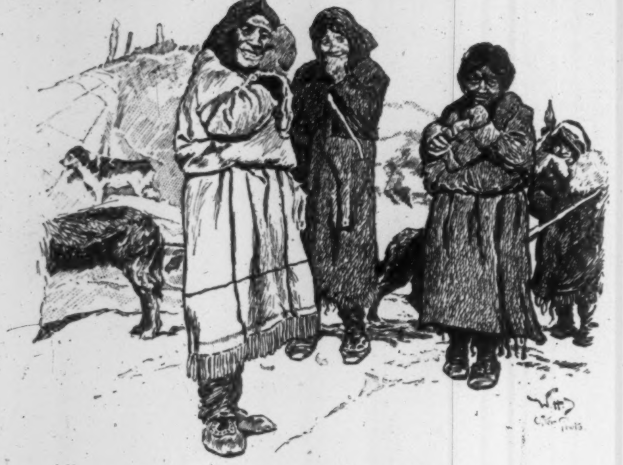
At the same time that Mr. McGrath was at work on the Yukon, Mr. Turner left the river at its most northerly point, north of the arctic circle, and ascended the Porcupine River, a stream about the size of the Hudson, in a northeasterly direction, and by long and careful work located the meridian, crossing 217 miles above the mouth of the river, in latitude 67° 30′. As stated before, I spent most of the winter 1893–4 in camp with the natives at this point. It makes no difference to any one where the boundary-line crosses the Porcupine River. This vast region lying between the Mackenzie and the Yukon rivers, and bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, is uninhabited except by a few hundred fur-clad savages, who live entirely by the chase. Large game is abundant, and I have seen 2000 caribou in one herd.

I found traces of gold in this country, but the deposits would have to be very rich indeed to justify working them under the adverse conditions that would be encountered here.

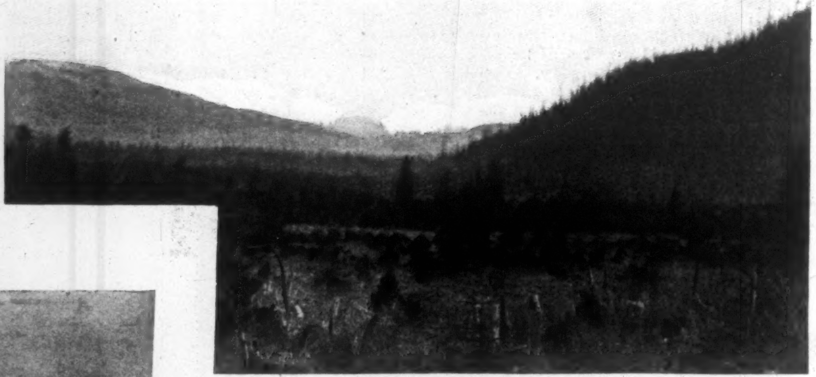
Frederick Funston.



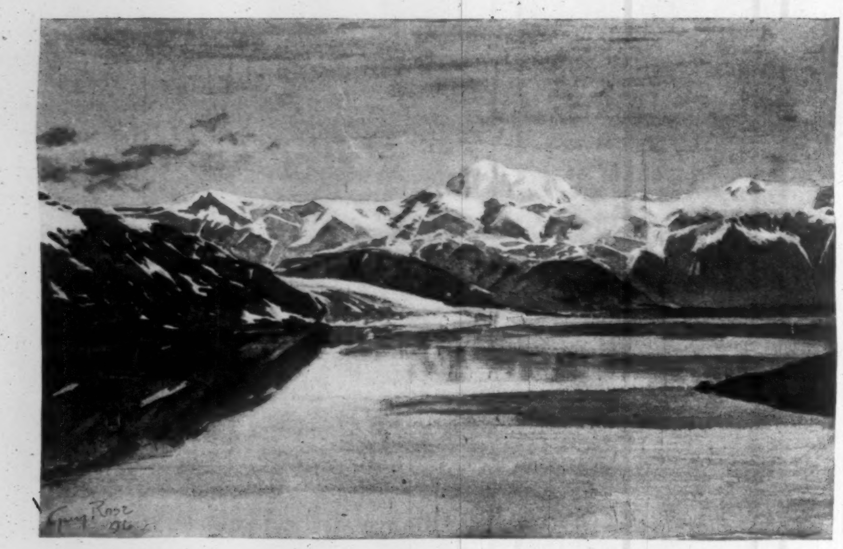
VILLAGE OF FORTY-MILE CREEK, BRITISH NORTHWEST TERRITORY.
At the Junction of Forty-mile Creek with the Yukon River.



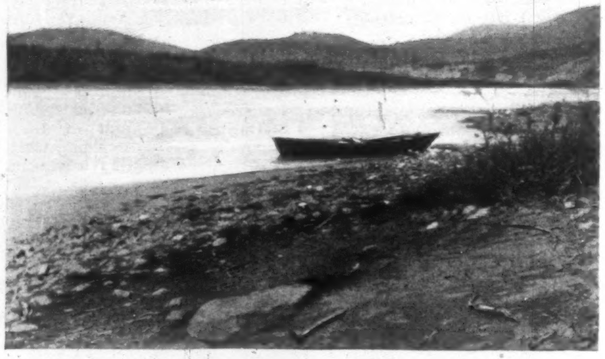
TINNEH INDIAN WOMEN OF NORTHEASTERN ALASKA.



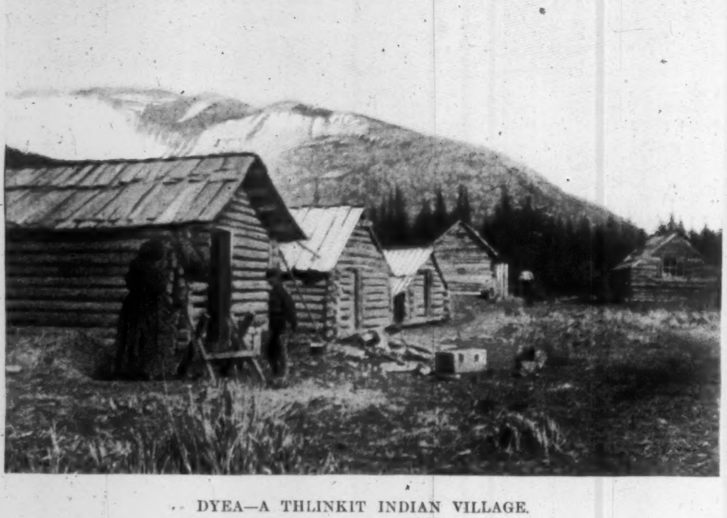
COAST RANGE, NEAR MOUNT WRANGEL.



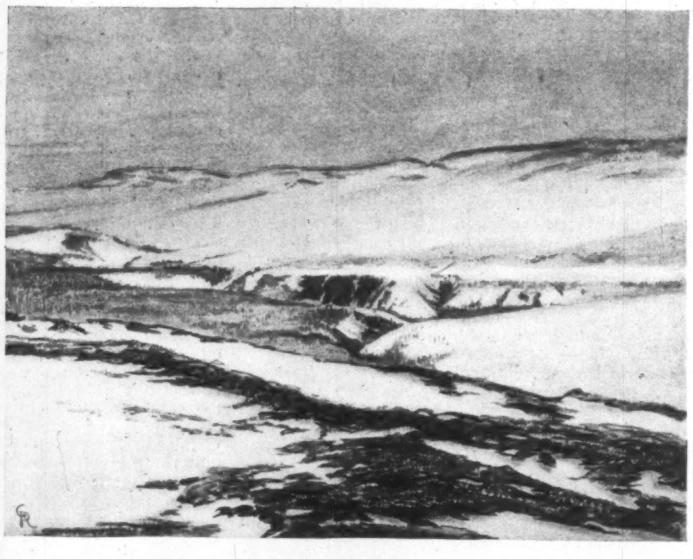
DALTON GLACIER, ON DISENCHANTMENT BAY.
St. Elias Range in Background. This is in Disputed Territory.



WHERE THE YUKON CROSSES THE BOUNDARY-LINE.
Showing Boat in which Mr. Funston made his 1600-mile Trip alone down the Porcupine and Yukon Rivers.



DYEA—A THLINKIT INDIAN VILLAGE.
Where the Chilkoot Route to the Yukon begins.



WHERE THE BOUNDARY-LINE INTERSECTS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

ALONG ALASKA'S EASTERN BOUNDARY.—DRAWINGS MADE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY FREDERICK FUNSTON.——[SEE PAGE 103.]

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

CARTEL OF CONTUMELY.

NOW the place where I took my leave of that pleasant, reputable treason-breeder, John Muir of Auchendrayne, was within a quarter of a mile of Dalrymple Bridge, where it strides across Doon Water. I am persuaded that when I left him a little behind I saw him lift up his hand, for I got just a waft of it with the tail of my eye. Yet, though I could not swear it in any court in the land unless absolute need were, I am still persuaded in my mind as much as I was then that the douce and gracious man intended that I should fall into an ambush, if I proved over hard bitten for his projects and temptings.

So as I came near to the bridge end I looked warily about, and methought that I spied the black muzzle of a hackbut where there was no need of such like. Now hackbuts do not, even in Carrick, grow on hedges, though in these days a man might somewhat easily make the mistake of thinking so. I judged, therefore, that there would be an ugly face behind it, and a finger on the slow match that intended me no good.

As I paused, turning about on my saddle, I saw a fellow rise out of the copse-wood before me and run like a rabbit to the bridge end. That was enough for me. Fighting is well enough, and I can be doing with it, for it is the path of glory and of fortune. But black treachery I cannot stomach.

So, being very angry, but resolved like steel to show John Muir and his butchers that I despised them, I turned Dom Nicholas's head and set him straight at the deeps of Doon Water where ford there was none. In a moment we were splashing in the pool, and in another Dom Nicholas had thrown back his head and taken to the swimming like a duck. It was but a little way across, but far enough for me, for I saw the fellows running along the bank from the end of the bridge, blowing on their matches and bidding me stop. But that was not a likely thing for me to do, being in my sober senses.

But when I got to the other side, and set my horse to climb the steep which was by a mill on the water-side, I was somewhat dashed to find one sitting quiet on his horse within ten paces of me, with his pistol bended in his hand.

I apprehended in a moment that this must be James Muir the younger of Auchendrayne, and I thought that I was as good as dead. Yet I held up my hand and cried "Herald!" and "Safe-Conduct!" though I knew that with such men as the Muirs I might as well cry, and usually have cried, "Bubbly Jock" or "Pigeon Pie."

The young man in war-gear, who sat his horse above me, did not move or lift his weapon to fire.

"Tell me," he said, calmly, "who may you be that cries 'Safe-Conduct' and 'Herald' on the lands of Kerse?"

I answered him that I was Launcelot Kennedy—and to effectuate something with him I added, "of Kirrieoch," for I thought it was unlikely that he would know the hill country well enough to know that my father was still alive. Which I take to have been an innocent deception, in that it hurt no one.

And in this I was right, for he answered at once: "I am David Crauford the younger of Kerse. But what said you of safe-conducts?"

So I showed him the rings, and told him that my business lay by word of mouth with his father. Thereafter I laid the matter of the scoundrels running at me at the Dalrymple Bridge. Indeed, we could see them retiring in a group.

"Let us ride to the bridge head now, and see if they will molest us."

And this we did, but none stirred or showed themselves.

"So," he said, "let us ride on to Kerse."

As we went our way we had much excellent talk of the news of the country-side and of Edinburgh and its customs. I found David Crauford a fine and brave fellow, and regretted heartily that he was not on our side of the blanket—a thing which, indeed, I was too apt to do. I considered it an unfair thing that all the shavelings should be ours and all the paladins theirs. Yet I was comforted by the thought that it was easier to be distinguished among the men of Cassillis than with Bargany; for in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king, as the saw hath it.

Thus we came at last to the place of Kerse. It was a handsome tower, with additions that made it almost a castle, standing upon a rising ground by a loch, overlooked at a safe distance by some high rocks and scaurs, which David Crauford told me were called the Craigs of Kyle.

It was the slowest time of the afternoon when we arrived at the ancient strength, and David, saying that his father might not be wakeful, slipped on ahead, in order to assure me a proper reception, as he said.

So at the doorway I was met by many men-at-arms with pikes in their hands and feathers in their bonnets. And there came forth to meet me eight of the twelve brothers of Kerse, all bareheaded, and with swords at their sides. In the background I could see the cause of my adventuring, the Laird of Kellwood, bowing and smorking like a French dancing-master. But I never so much as looked his way.

"From whom come you, and in peace or war?" said David Crauford, just as though I had not told him—which was quite right and proper, for these commissions of dignity should be carried out with decorum and observance.

"I come," said I, "from the Earl and from the Tutor of Cassillis, and am commissioned to speak with the Laird of Kerse in their name and on their behalf."

With that I was conducted through a lesser into a greater hall, at the upper end of which was a raised platform, two feet or so above the floor of the hall. The hall and dais were alike strewed with yellow bent-grass, such as grows upon the sides of the hills and on the sea-shore. On the dais was a great oaken chair with a hood about it, and in it there sat the noblest old man that I ever saw. He seemed by his beard and hair to be ninety years of age at least, yet his natural color was in his cheek, and he was gleg both to hear and to speak.

So they introduced me, and I went up to the old man of Kerse to show my credentials, bending my knee, but not near to the ground, in token of courtesy.

"Come hither, David, and tell me what are the posies on the rings."

So David came near, and looking at my hand, he read that motto of the Earl of Cassillis—"Avise à fin!" it read.

"Ay, ay, that will do. Let the lad speak his message," said the old man.

Then in the midst of threescore Craufords I set myself, with my shoulders squared and my hand on my hip, to speak the message of my Lord. I do not deny that I liked the job well enough, for it was the sort that enables a man to make a figure—to stand alone among a host of enemies and speak a challenge of defiance.

"Master David Crauford, Laird of Kerse and Skeldon," said I, giving out his titles like a herald, "I bear you greeting and respect from John, Earl of Cassillis, and Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, Tutor of that ilk."

The old man bowed in token of respect for the formal courtesy.

"My principals bid me say that they request and demand as their right that you shall deliver up to them the Laird of Kellwood, their liege vassal, presently rebel and fugitive; and also that you render back the box of treasure and the stones of price which they have good reason to believe their vassal aforesaid hath concealed with you. These things done, they assure you of their friendship and support in all your undertakings."

So I gave it out clearly, formally, and without heat, as one that is dispassionately accustomed to high commissions.

As I spoke I saw the old man grip his staff as though it had been a sword, and ere I had done he had half risen from his seat, as though he would have struck me to the ground.

"And you dare, you beardless birkie, to bring such a message to Crauford of Kerse, in his own hall and among his own folk?"

But I stood still, with my hand on my side as before, looking with a level brow, knowing that without a weapon in my hand, and with a double safe-conduct on my finger, I had by far the best of it, though there had been a thousand Craufords in the hall.

"Father, father," said David, from behind, as one accustomed to soothe his father's anger.

"I ken—I ken bravely. The laddie has to bring his message, but Johnny of Cassillis shall rue this day. Tell him," he cried, his voice rising to a wild scream, "that I have seen no doit of his dirty money which he howks out of every dub with his swine's snout. The Laird of Kellwood I have with me, and here he shall bide while it likes him; not for his own sake, for he is small credit either to Kennedy or Crauford (to his face I say it), but because Kerse is an eagle sitting on high, and it has not come to it that he must forsooth throw down as much as a pyked bone at the bidding of Cassillis."

I bowed to the ground, as having gotten my answer. But I had another part of the piece still to play, and doing of it liked me even still better, for I saw that I would anger not only the old man, but the young.

"Then," said I, "in the name of John, Earl of Cassillis, whom you call swine's snout, I am charged to tell you that if ye will not deliver the man and the thing that are his just right, then he will come and gar ye be fain to deliver them—"

There was a murmur of scorn and anger all about the hall, and the white locks of the old man fairly bristled on his head. But I went on, level as a clerk that reads his lessons:

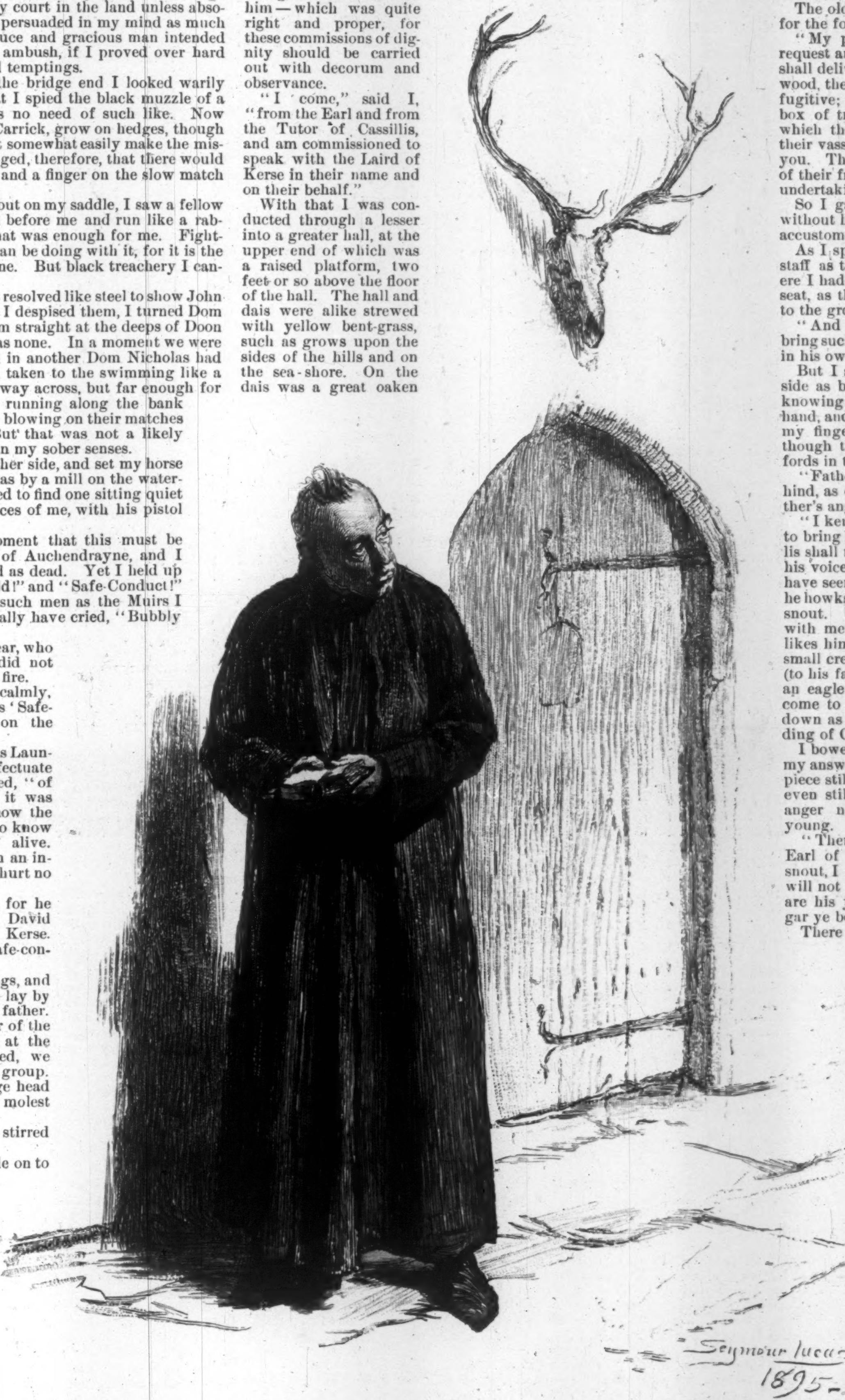
"Hearken ye to the word of Cassillis—the last word—gin ye refuse he will come on Lammas day proximate, and first, in token of ignominy and despite, he will tether a brood-sow upon the lands of Kerse, and not a Crauford shall steer her for the length of a summer's day."

What a shout of anger went up from about the hall! The blades of the young men blazed from their sheaths. The old man rose in his chair and lifted his staff by the middle. Two tall servitors that stood at the back of the hall, lighting the dusk with torches, sprang forward and stood beside him, ready to catch him should his strength fail. There were thirty swords pointed at my breast, and one great lout threatened me with a Lochaber-axe.

But, with my heart swelling, I stood still and calm amid the tumult, like one of the graven stones that look out from the niches of Crossraguel. Motionless I stood, as I had done from the first, for I was a herald with an Earl's message.

"An insult! an insult! an insult! in the hall of Kerse. Kill the black Kennedy!" they cried, gnashing on me like wild beasts.

I declare I never was happier in my life, knowing that I made that day a figure that would not be forgotten, and that my bearing among them would be spoken of over all Carrick and Kyle. How I wished that Marjorie Kennedy could see me! And I smiled as I thought how little



"HE WAS DRESSED IN A LONG LANK ROBE LIKE A SOUTANE, AND HE CARRIED A BOOK WITH HIM."

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

it mattered after this whether or no Nell Kennedy turned tale-pyet.

"I will take the smile off the black Kennedy's face with a paik of this Lochaber-axe!" cried my great lout; but indeed I smiled not at him or any of his sept, but at the thought of Nell Kennedy.

Then when they had roared themselves out in anger, they became, as I take it, some deal ashamed of the hideous uproar, and of a sudden were silent, as with a stave thrust in the joint one may shut off a noisy mill-lade.

So I got in my last word.

"Thereafter John, Earl of Cassillis, bids me say that he will leave not one standing stone in the House of Kerse one upon another, for the despite done to him as overlord."

Then the loud anger gave place to deadly hate, and it was some time before any could speak. David the younger would have spoken, but his father waved him down, fighting for utterance.

"Hear ye, sir, and bear this message and defiance to your master. He has put a shame on us in this our own house. Tell him that he may bring his swine to Kerse every Lammas day, and bring with him every swineherd Kennedy from every midden-head between Cassillis and the Inch. There are plenty stout Craufords here in Kerse that can flit them. Ay, though this hand that was once as the axe-hand of the Bruce be shrunken now, and though I lean on these bearers of torches because of mine age, tell him that there are twelve sons behind me that can render taunt for taunt, blow for blow, to King or Kennedy. And tell him that Crauford of Kerse knows no overlord in earth or heaven, least of all John Kennedy, fifth Earl of Cassillis!"

Then I bowed as one might before some of the glorious pagan gods of whom Dominie Muir has tales to tell, for that was an answer worth taking back, and I know a man when it is given me to see him. So, with my face to him still, and my bonnet in my hand, I made my way off the dais. There I turned, and, as the Earl's spokesman should, set my bonnet on my head to go out alone through the crowded hall.

But the old man stayed me.

"Launcelot Kennedy of Kirrieoch," he said, courteously, "to you, and not to your master, I say this. Ye have well delivered an ill message. May ye never get your fill of fighting and die in harness. I would to God ye were my thirteenth son!"

So I bowed again, and for respect I walked backwards to the door of the great hall with my head bare. Then I helmed myself and passed without to Dom Nicholas.

There was now a muster of Craufords in the court-yard—a hundred of them, I should say, at least. But no murmur arose among them as, helped by a groom, I mounted and moved slowly through the throng, having saluted David the younger and his brothers with my hand.

Then I rode through the gateway, the feet of Dom Nicholas clattering on the stones as I was aware of a troop of twelve that followed me, all riding in order. And I knew the motive of that guard. It was David, who had resolved to see me safe across Dalrymple Bridge, and so gave me the attendance of a prince.

Then knew I how excellent a thing it is to have to do in peace or war with gentlemen. For the Craufords of Kerse were neither landloupers nor ambuscaders.

CHAPTER X.

SIR THOMAS OF THE TOPKNOT.

My guard of honor did not leave me till I was within sight of the towers of Cassillis, when David Crauford and they parted with silent salute. Nor had the dyke-back hiding gentry so much as ventured to show their faces. So I rode down to the Cassillis yett, a well-kenned place, and famous in story. Down a smooth green mead I rode to it. At the gate the porter, a surly rogue, bade me stand.

"Stand thou, hang thee, varlet!" I cried; "haste thee and up with the gates, or thine ears shall answer for it, nailed incontinent to a post!"

Whereupon, seeing him wondering and still wavering, I drew off my glove and flashed the signet-ring at him. I declare he laid hold of the pulley like one demented.

"I trust, noble sir, that ye will not mention the matter of my greeting to my Lord," he said to me as I passed, for the rascal was shaking in every limb.

"Let it learn you to be better scraped as to the tongue for the time to come," I answered, sharply, for I was none sorry once for all to read the rascal a lesson. There is nothing better than a man that worthily and for his office's sake magnifies his office. But there is nothing more scunnering than that a menial knave in pride of place should beard his betters.

In the hall of Cassillis, while I waited for my Lord, I met an old man of strange aspect. He was dressed in a long lank robe like a soutane, and he carried a book with him, very filthy and tattered. In this he read, or pretended to read, bywhiles, muttering and mumbling the words over to himself.

Seeing me stand alone, he came over and began to speak to me concerning matters that I knew not of, something that concerned the Black Vault of Dunure, so I understood him to say.

But his appearance as he talked caused me to laugh, though, being an old man, I did not let him see it. His head was as bald all about as a hen's egg. But on the very crown there was an oval place of a hand's-breadth from which dropped a crest of yellow-white hair, very laughable and ludicrous. For as the old man talked, the silly cock's-comb waggled; and being toothless, his jaw waggled also, so that the willing nut-cracker jaw and the waggling plume aloft might have made a cat laugh.

"I am Sir Thomas Tode," he mumbled, when I began to get a little familiar with his speech—"ay me, Sir Thomas Tode" (he pronounced it as though it had been the name of the foul beast that squats on its belly); "the famous Sir Thomas Tode am I. Ay, dear mother Mary—I mean Christian friends, but a feck of life it has been my lot to see."

I thought within me what a strange old scare-the-crows this was to have the name and style of knighthood. So I asked him what were his ancestral possessions.

"I am only poor Sir Thomas Tode, chaplain to two mighty Earls," he said, shaking his head and waggling his topknot till he looked more like the father of all the apes that ever were than a sober cleric.

"Even so," he went on, "I was bred to Holy Church; I mean brought up in ignorance to serve the whore that sitteth on the Seven Hills. I was chaplain to the old Lord Gilbert, the father of the Earl John that is. Ah, many a time did I shrive him soundly, and none needed it more. Faith he was a ripe, crusted old sinner—"

And Sir Thomas Tode chuckled a senile laugh at his memories of bygone wickednesses of the great.

"Faith, I doubt that he fries for it now, for there are no prayers to hoist men out of purgatory by the telling down of the good broad bonnet pieces—more's the pity for poor honest churchmen. Ah me, the times that were! the times that were!"

The old man paused a moment to think the matter over, and then very visibly his mind went wandering after some greater and choicer wickedness that he might retail to me.

"Have you ever heard," he said at last, "of the roasting of the Abbot of Crossraguel? Man, I was there—yes, I was there—Tom Tode was there, and turned him till I burned my fingers!"

And the ancient rascal beat on the floor with his stick and charked his toothless gums.

"Now sit ye down, and I shall tell you all that took place in the Black Vault of Dunure—"

Just then I saw a sonsy red-faced woman, ample of bust and with many pieces of wylicoats pleated and gathered about her, rise from the black stair-head, even as Dominie Muir fables that Venus (a heathen goddess, of whose ongoings it diverts me to hear) did from the sea. With three strides she came across the hall, and caught Sir Thomas Tode by the shock of yellow-white hair on his crown.

"Be you at it again? I will give you the Black Vault of Dunure, doddering old bletherer that ye are. Who is to turn my spit, I would have you tell me, gin you waste your time yammering to wanchancy lazybones of the Black Vault of Dunure. Black Vault of Dunure indeed! Ye have told your lies till I declare you will grow to believe them yourself!"

So, without a word of protest from the knightly lips of Sir Thomas Tode, he was led below, his head nodding and bowing as his captor shook the yellow topknot.

After the pair were gone I laughed both loud and long, so that they had to fetch me nigh a gallon of strong ale to recover me of my access of mirth and prepare me for the presence of the Earl.

And right certainly did I vow within my heart that it would not be long before I renewed acquaintance with Sir Thomas and his captor, for it seemed a strange thing to see an Earl's chaplain so used. It was many a day since I had seen such sport.

At last I was led in to see the Earl. He sat in a rich dressing-robe, flowered with gold, and a leather-bound book with knobs and studs of brass lay beside him open. It was the account-book of his estates and overlordships.

"What was that loud mirth I heard a moment since?" he asked; for the Earl John did not seem to be in the best of tempers. Indeed, he was said never to be canny to come near when he was in the house with his wife, a thing passing strange, and wholly without precedent.

I answered that I laughed at a good story of Sir Thomas Tode, his private chaplain.

"My what!" he cried. "Oh, ye mean old Tode of the Topknot! Was his story about the Black Vault of Dunure?"

And without stopping for an answer, he went on with one of his proverbs, and as though he had never sent me on an errand, and that in peril of my life. I never met a young man so broadened on saws and proverbs in my life. It was clean ridiculous, though well enough in a gap-toothed grandfather, no doubt.

"The loud laughter of the idle gathereth no gear," said Earl John.

"No," replied I, "but if it cheers the heart it costs less than your good strong ale."

"Ay, but," he said, breaking in and looking pleased—"but you have had some of that too. I can smell it."

Then he looked briskly up, as if pleased with himself for his penetration, and catching me with my hand held guiltily before my mouth, he smiled.

"Well," he said, "can you not come to the point—why stand so long agape? What of your mission?"

So, being nothing loath, I told him the whole matter, such as I have told it in this place. And though at the beginning he sat calmly enough, long before I had finished he was striding up and down the room, gripping at his thigh, where for common he wore his sword—for, after all, Earl John was a true Cassillis, and neither craven nor hen-hearted.

"And they roared upon you, standing still. Nay, you did well! I wish it had been I! Man, I will give you the horse you ride upon, and all the caparison. I declare I will!"

For which I thanked him in words; but in my heart I said, "It is an easy present to give, that which is your uncle's, and hath indeed been mine for weeks."

Then he seemed to remember, for he said: "But give me back my signet-ring. Ye have done well, and on Lammas day ye shall do better. Will ye have a ring or a sword for a keepsake?"

A moment only I divided my mind. A ring, if good, would buy many swords. But Cassillis was not the man to give a ring of price. But a sword was a thing that all men had good skill of, and for shame's sake a good sword would he give.

"I crave a sword," said I, briefly.

"Ye have chosen like a soldier. I shall not grudge you the wale of swords," the Earl made reply, smiling upon me well pleased.

So with that he went into the armory, and came back with the noblest sword I had ever seen. Blade, handle, and scabbard were inlaid with Damascus work of gold, thin limned and delicate—I never saw the like. And my heart leaped within me—I declare, to my shame, nigh as much as it did when Marjorie kissed me on the brow in the arbor of the pleasaunce at the house of Culzean.

"Buckle it on and take it with you," said the Earl, "lest, looking long at it, my heart smites me and I want it back again."

So I thanked him and was gone without great ceremony, lest, indeed, it should be so.

"Stay the night at Cassillis," he cried after me. "I have a letter to send to my cousin the Tutor in the morning."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MILITARY FORCES OF ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

That an efficient military establishment is compatible with the system of voluntary enlistment, and with the idea of the subordination of the military to the civil authority, is shown in the case of Great Britain. It is from England that we inherit our prejudices against the army, and they still prevail in the old country; but circumstances have compelled England to qualify herself to meet the necessities of war. Requiring a standing army, she considers popular prejudice against it so far as to maintain that this army is a temporary establishment, to be revived each year by act of Parliament.

Great Britain has actually serving in her regular army at this time 221,000 officers and men. There are on home service about 107,000 men. Of these, 27,000 are in Ireland, nearly 4000 in Scotland, and the rest are scattered through England, Wales, and the Channel Islands. In India, Burmah, and at the Red Sea post of Aden she has 76,000 men; 15,000 at Malta and Gibraltar; 3500 at the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, not including the re-enforcements called for by the present disturbances in South Africa.

At Hong-Kong there are 3000 troops, and in Egypt 4500. These, with the small garrisons scattered throughout the various colonies, make up the sum total of England's regular forces. In India there are nine regiments of cavalry, 88 battalions and companies of artillery, and 53 battalions of infantry, not including the Indian native army. This gives a total force in India of 72,648; 24,000 of these are in Bengal, and 20,000 in the Punjab. The rest are divided between Bombay and Madras. The forces in India permit the formation of two army corps, composed of British and native troops in combination; and three or four cavalry divisions.

It is estimated that within six weeks after the declaration of war a third army corps and cavalry division would arrive in India from Great Britain, and about eight weeks later a fourth army corps. Thus there could be established in two months, on the Indus or at Kandahar, an army of nearly 150,000 men. This will give some idea of England's possibilities of prompt action in case of war.

England's military forces are composed, as are ours, of regular and volunteer troops, but she combines all her men of war under one organization, while we divide them up into as many organizations as we have States, and separate our little regular establishment of troops from any co-operation with the State organizations. Moreover, by a rider on the annual appropriation bill, Congress forbids enlistments for the regular army beyond the limit of 25,000 men, and this does not provide more than one-half the men to man the organizations authorized by statute.

A repeal of the prohibition now placed upon enlistment would permit the increase of our present regular establishment to a total of nearly 50,000 officers and men, and the increase would be wholly in enlisted men. A bill now before Congress provides for five more regiments of artillery and five more infantry regiments. It also changes the infantry regiments to three battalion organizations of four companies each. There are estimated to be 100,000 discharged soldiers of the regular army afloat, and it would be easy to obtain all the trained men needed to increase our regular regiments to the maximum if war threatened. What would be needed to fit us for war is some such co-ordination of our military forces as England has, and an adequate supply of small-arms and artillery. The British Islands are divided into district commands, and these are further divided into regimental districts, each under the command of a colonel, who is responsible for the military establishment in his district, including regular militia and volunteers. The volunteers actually enrolled number 225,623 men. Of militia there are 128 infantry battalions, 32 corps of artillery, 11 fortress companies of engineers, and 8 divisions of submarine miners. The yeomanry have 8000 men for duty.

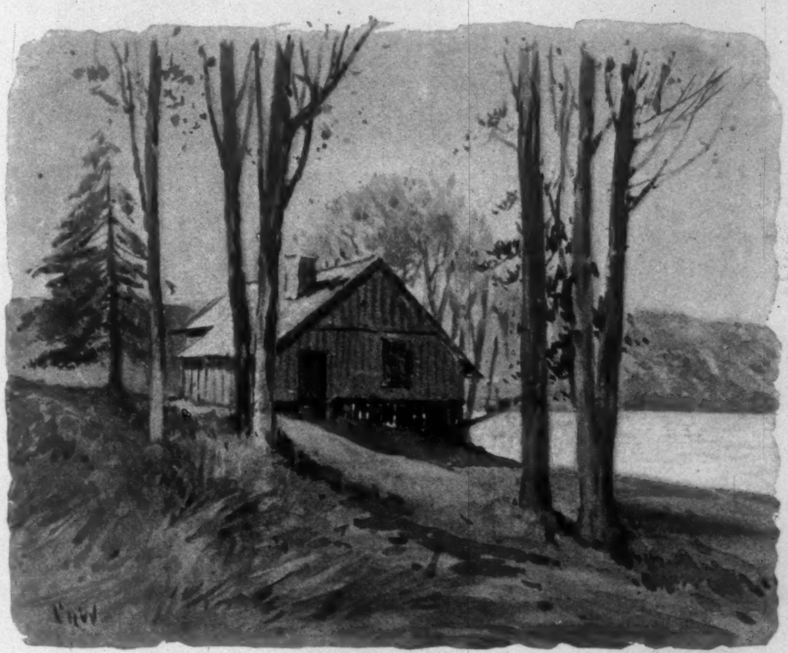
The United States has over 10 millions of militia liable for duty, but only 115,000 of these have any form of military organization, and they have no relation to the regular army. A very considerable portion of the organized militia or National Guard are ill prepared for immediate duty, not only because they are inefficiently armed, but because they are badly organized. In the event of war, however, these could soon be supplied from our store of Springfield guns, which have been discarded by the army, but are excellent weapons. Of the organized National Guard we have 70,000 on the Atlantic coast, 21,000 within easy reach of the Lakes and Canadian boundary, and some 10,000 on the Pacific coast, and 15,000 in interior States.

Our immediate need in event of war with a foreign power would be sea-coast defence, and not one of the National Guard organizations would be available for this, however excellent their quality, they having no training in artillery practice. Indeed, our little force of regular artillerymen have had little training thus far in handling the modern ordnance, and our artillery officers have grown gray in an attempt to fit themselves and their men for efficient service by a drill with obsolete ordnance that ought to be turned into the scrap heap. Our most imperative necessity, therefore, is for an increase of our regular artillery force. To intrust the work of coast defence to our navy is to paralyze the efficiency of the navy. It would be impossible for it to insure us against a naval attack, as this may be directed against any one of a dozen important harbors lying open to the sea. Our whole Atlantic and Gulf coast-line, from Maine to Texas, is subject to assault, and the Pacific coast is in no better position. We have a dozen fine harbors easily accessible on the flood, and affording good inside anchorage at all stages of the tide to the largest war-vessels. Among these are Portland, Portsmouth, Boston, Newport, and Hampton Roads. Half a dozen others would shut out some of the deepest-draught men-of-war, and Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, and New Orleans have partial protection in the difficulty of access through their channels. Even with the best organization for coast-line defence we should, however, need a co-operative naval force to secure our control of the Long Island Sound and Delaware and Chesapeake bays. By leaving our coast-line unfortified the safety of every important American seaport would depend, in the event of war, on the uncertain issue of a sea-fight.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

THOSE who planned the city of Philadelphia showed their regard for free space and rural scenes by laying out the town about four great squares. As the city grew, liberal provision of parks and other open spots was made, and landscape-gardening in America had its inception here when John Bartram planned the first botanical garden on the continent.

"Woodland," the residence of the Hamilton family, and Judge Peters's country-seat, "Belmont," were evidences in the early part of the present century of the sentiment noted; and the influence of the same sentiment has since then constantly been shown in the attention given to preserving in the suburbs of Philadelphia much of their original beauty. Most of the parks of the great cities of America have been built on waste and ill-favored land. Philadelphia's large recreation-ground, Fairmount, is to-day a picturesque tract which exhibits those charms of landscape which marked it before its utilization for its present purpose was thought of.



GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS.

From the days of William Penn the high lands overlooking the Schuylkill River have been favored for the sites of country residences and for driving, and the river has since the city's foundation been a chosen resort of boatman and fisherman.

Before Fairmount Dam was built the river was a tide stream, and at the opening of the present century the people of Philadelphia turned their attention to that body of water in search of an adequate and convenient water-supply. In 1812 the city bought a small tract of land near the rocky eminence Fair Mount, and in 1822 the dam built to forward their plans changed the river above it into a tranquil, slow-moving sheet of water. As time went on, the building of factories on the river-bank resulted in the contamination of the water; and to prevent an increase of this, the city acquired the estates "Lemon Hill" and "Sedgeley," making the area of ground owned by the municipality at this place about a hundred and four acres.

In 1867 Philadelphia awakened to the need for a great public park adjacent to the city. New York had begun Central Park; other large cities were preparing to provide themselves similarly. Once the movement to establish such a recreation-ground for Philadelphia was started, it progressed rapidly. Besides the land already owned, the city quickly secured the sites of the Belmont and Spring Garden Water-Works, and, through the generosity of Jesse George and Rebecca George, a tract of eighty-three acres, including picturesque George's Hill. The other ground obtained was acquired by the exercise of the right of eminent domain, by negotiation, and by the findings of a jury. No serious check in the effort to increase the area of the prospective park was experienced, and in all nearly three hundred tracts have since the beginning been purchased, at a total expense of about $6,250,000. An engineer corps began work on the ground April 20, 1869. On one hand this corps had, to assist it in its plans, the natural beauties of the land; on the other it had to contend with the unsightly surroundings entailed by the spread of the city northwestward. Refuse had to be removed or covered up, swampy land improved, the manorial properties restored from the state of decay into which some of them had fallen to something like their old condition. Much of the land was inaccessible on account of thick undergrowth and rocky gorges. The work of the engineers, however, was well done, and roads were built, undergrowth thinned, wet land filled in, and the disagreeable signs of careless farmers obliterated. The result was delightful. Nature and art combined to produce a stretch of country abounding in sylvan charms and in the quiet beauties of grassy dales and meadows, and yet possessing the necessary qualities of a park for the people.

The area of Fairmount Park is about 2700 acres, or, including outlying lots paid for out of the Park Loan, 2770 acres. Its greatest length, measured along the east-side driveway from the Green Street entrance, the point nearest the heart of the city, to the upper extremity of the Wissahickon drive, is about twelve miles, of which distance five miles lie along the Schuylkill River, and six and a quarter miles follow the Wissahickon stream.

The entire park comprises four divisions. In their distribution as to area and location three of them lie on the east of the Schuylkill River—the Old Park, of 117 acres, at the southerly end next the city; above it the East Park, of 510 acres, extending north to the mouth of the Wissahickon; and the Wissahickon division, of 468 acres, lying along both banks of the Wissahickon stream, from its mouth at the Schuylkill nearly to its head. Upon the opposite side of the Schuylkill the West Park, comprising 1242 acres, extends from the Callowhill Street Bridge, which connects it with Fairmount in the Old Park, to the Valley of Schuylkill, below the mouth of the Wissahickon. In places the East and the West Parks narrow to mere strips at the river's side, and the greatest width of the entire park, measured between Thirty-third Street on the east and George's Run on the west, is nearly two miles. The extent of water surface of the Schuylkill River within the Park limits is 373 acres.

THE OLD PARK.

The Old Park, which, from its nearness to the centre of the city, is especially visited, is best reached by the Green Street entrance to Fairmount Park, which is but a few minutes' drive from the heart of the city. To the left of the main carriageway, on entering, a succession of terraces, planted with trees, and ascended by means of winding walks, rises to the top of Fair Mount the rocky summit of which, once crowned by woods, now sustains the water-works reservoir. Five handsome fountains, presented by the Fairmount Park Association, are on the right and left of the main drive, near the bronze Lincoln Monument.

Upon Lemon Hill, north of Fairmount, where stood, a hundred years ago, the country residence of Robert Morris, the celebrated patriot financier of the Revolutionary war, there still remains an old mansion of later construction, with terraced grounds and other signs of past adornment, fronted by tulip poplars and pines, more than a century old. Here will be erected the new municipal art gallery, after designs by Messrs. Brite and Bacon, of New York, who were awarded first prize among sixty-seven competitors, by a committee composed of Stanford White, William R. Ware, Daniel H. Burnham, John G. Johnson, and Joseph M. Wilson. On the estate of Sedgeley, an object of patriotic interest, stands the wooden cottage occupied by General Grant while his headquarters were at City Point, and brought here at the close of the civil war.

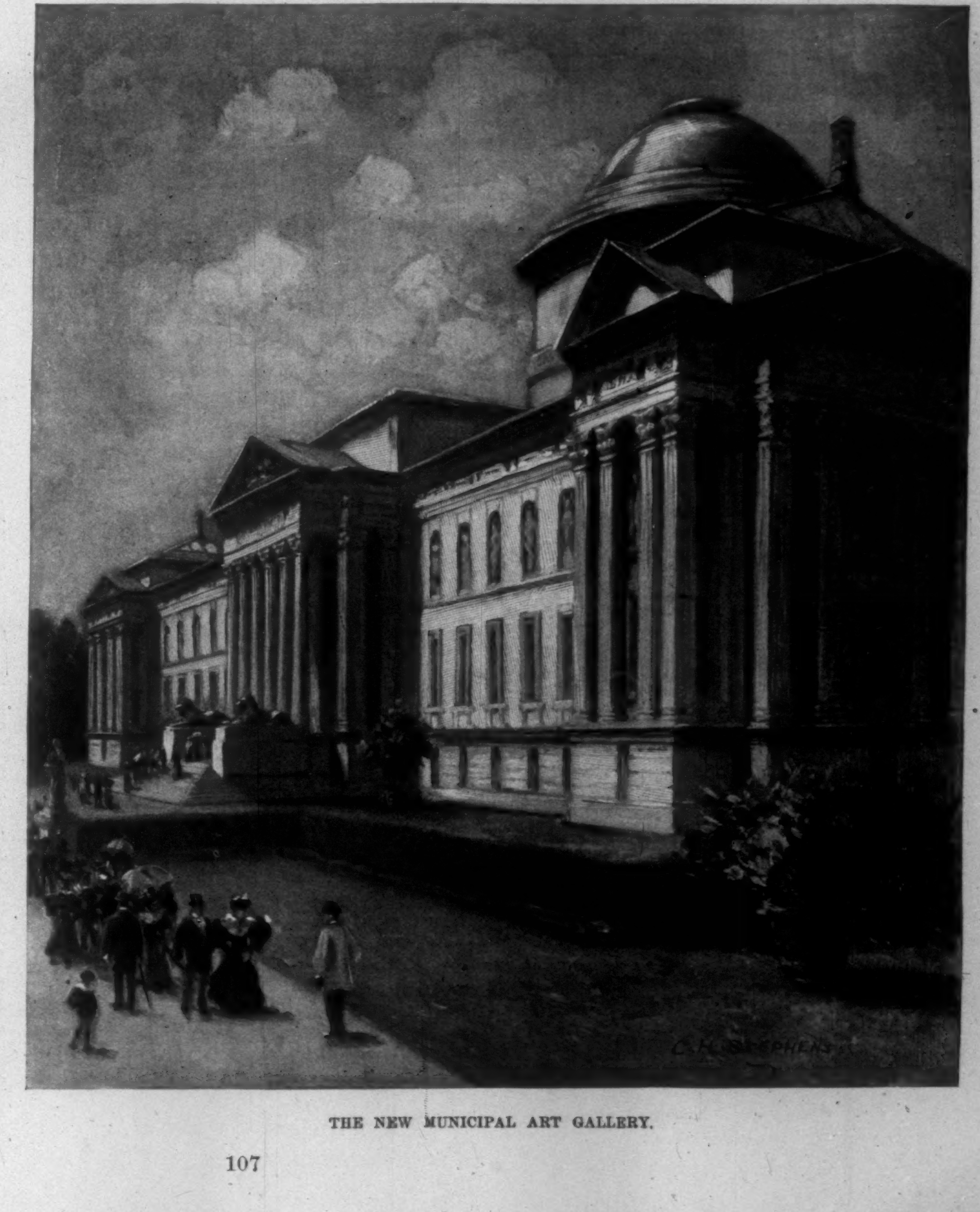
The Schuylkill River above the Water-Works Dam affords an excellent regatta course. The Schuylkill Navy, organized in 1858, is claimed to be the largest and best-appointed association devoted to rowing in the world. In the Old Park, on the left of the River Drive, a short distance above the Fairmount Water-Works, are the boat-houses of the Navy, handsome vine-covered structures built of blue and green stone, and occupied by the various boating clubs. Below them is the large public boat-house erected by the Park Commissioners; and above them, beyond a grove of willows, stands the round brick lighthouse, a guiding-point to Schuylkill mariners by night. Among the buildings of the boating clubs is the house of the Philadelphia Skating Club, well fitted up as a rendezvous for skaters.

From the boat-houses a driveway winds up the hill past a bluff, upon which the open frame structure of the Centennial Observatory commands a superb outlook. Upon a level space of the high land is the Lemon Hill music-stand and amphitheatre, Pompeiian style, in the shape of a half-circle, to which slope rows of seats.

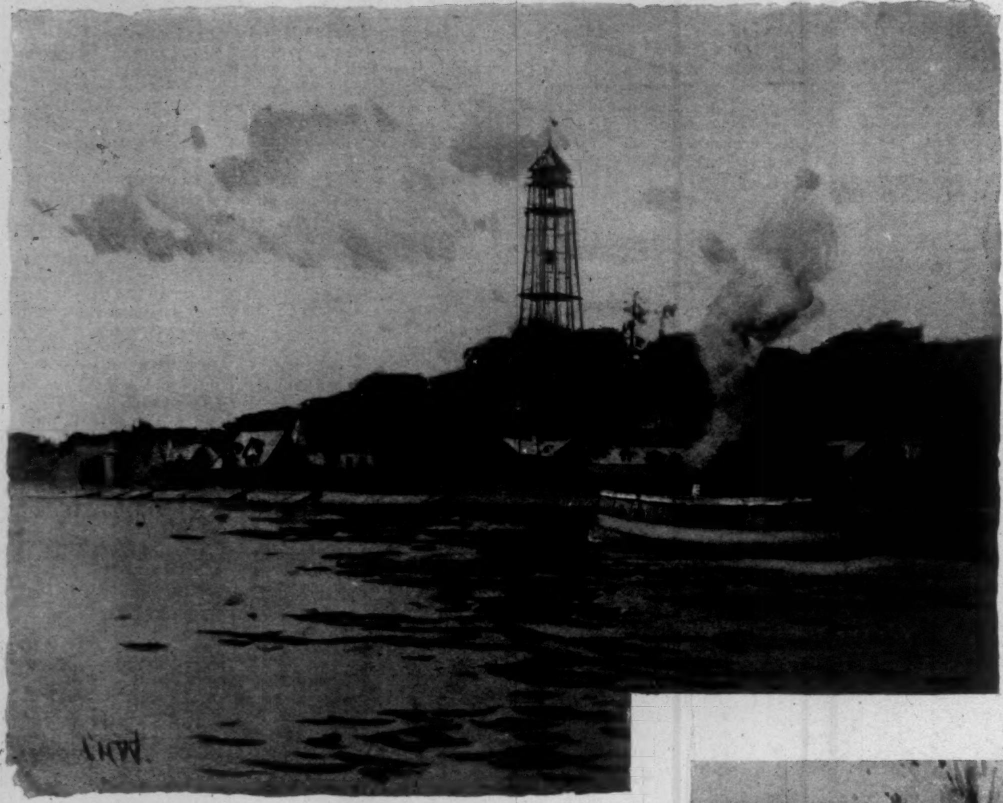
A feature of Fairmount Park, both undesirable and unavoidable, is the Pennsylvania and Reading railways and their branches, which lie for a considerable distance along the river-bank. Near the upper end of Sedgeley, Girard Avenue, lying east and west through the Park, crosses the Schuylkill on a massive arched bridge, 1000 feet long and 100 feet wide, the floor of which is 55 feet above low-water mark. This structure unites the West with the East and the Old Park. Beyond this bridge the Spring Garden Water-Works, clad in ivy, stand in a ravine, and just north of them, supporting the east abutment of a railway bridge, is Promontory Point, a huge rock sixty feet high, rising abruptly from the water's edge. Through this beetling bluff the River Drive passes in a tunnel, picturesque and spacious, the interior faces of which are the natural stone. Against the steep rock outside cluster flowers and draping vines; glades and wood paths lead back toward the higher lands. This promontory marks the upper end of the Old Park division and the beginning of the East Park.

THE EAST PARK.

The east-side driveway leaves the river at Promontory Rock, and rising to the high land, follows the trend of the hill summit. It leads through the East Park, which com-



THE NEW MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY.



LEMON HILL AND THE BOAT-HOUSES.

mands fine river scenery, and has bold and impressive features. From Promontory Point northward, along the plateau above the east bank to Laurel Hill and its cemeteries, a distance of about two miles, the East Park is a high symmetrical area, with picturesque wooded slopes and ravines descending to the valley bottom, stately trees, and a succession of charming river and broad landscape views. Ascending the high land beyond Promontory Rock, thère is in view on the right the great East Park water-basin, which covers 106 acres of land, paid for out of the Park Loan, and has a retaining capacity of over 800,000,000 gallons. This immense reservoir, although within the Park limits, is under the jurisdiction of the Water Department. It consists of one basin divided into three sections, holding respectively, 62,737,632, 306,400,622, and 329,939,000 gallons.

Upon the high lands along the main driveway the mansions of colonial estates, edifices handsome even in their decay, overlook the river. The principal ones of these old country-seats are Fountain Green, Mount Pleasant, Rockland, Belleville, Ormiston, Edgeley, Woodford, and the Strawberry Mansion. Upon Mount Pleasant, overlooking the river near the Columbia Bridge, is the house built in 1761 by the merchant and mariner Captain John McPherson, and bought in 1779 by Benedict Arnold, who gave it as a marriage settlement to his bride, the Philadelphia beauty Margaret Shippen. Major-General Frederick William Augustus, Baron de Steuben, Inspector-General of the army under General Washington during the Revolutionary war, occupied the house at a later period for a number of years.

Of special historic interest also is the Woodford Mansion, situated near Ridge Avenue, a structure built in 1742 by William Coleman, and afterwards occupied by the distinguished advocate William Lewis.

The natural loveliness of this part of the park culminates at Strawberry Hill, an eminence falling abruptly to the river. Upon the summit stands the old Strawberry Mansion, that stately relic of the last century. Upon the plateau to the northeast of the Strawberry Mansion the East Park drive curves into a great circle, from which a carriage road leads down to the River Drive, a fine avenue blasted along the steep rocky bluff that falls down to the river from the Laurel Hill cemeteries.

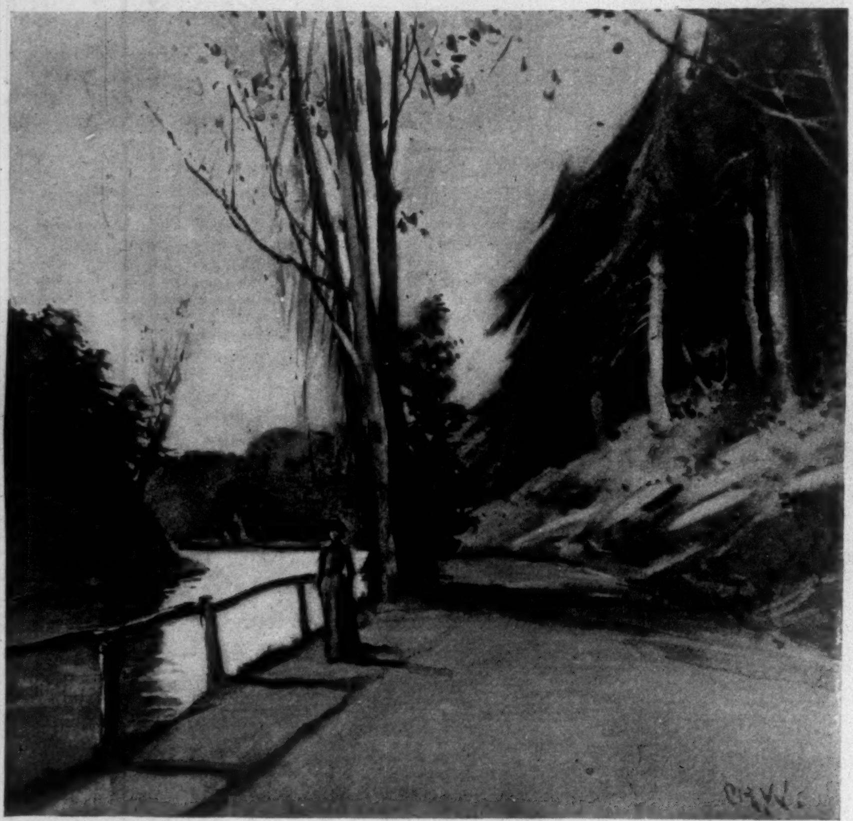
Stone arches are everywhere in sight in this part of the Park, carrying driveways and railways across ravines or spanning the Schuylkill. Across the river there is in view on the west side a pastoral landscape of broad slopes, wood-covered, opening into areas of wild pasture-lands grown up with bushes and flowering plants. The natural cascade known as the Schuylkill River Falls, below the mouth of the Wissahickon, was in old time, before it was obliterated by the building of the Water-Works Dam, a favorite pleasure-resort of the Philadelphians. This locality was the last abiding-place of the Indians of the region, and here their stone axes and arrow-heads were found from time to time long after these early inhabitants had departed. Up to the time of the building of the Schuylkill Dam it was a famous fishing-place for shad, perch, rockfish, and catfish.

At the river-side now stand the handsome bluestone up-river houses of several of the boating organizations, whose boat-houses are at the lower part of the Park. The oldest and most noted of these structures is the "Button," of the Bachelors' Club, an association numbering among its members some of the oldest names of Philadelphia. It is, in proportion to the number of its members, one of the richest clubs in the country. "Ringstetten," the up-river house of the Undine Boat Club, is another one of these picturesque and charming country establishments.

THE WISSAHICKON.

At the head of the East Park the Wissahickon stream comes into the Schuylkill River from the northeast. A dam near its mouth sets its water back, making a still, winding reach stretching far among the hills. Higher up thère is a swift current and cascades, broken by stretches of still water caused by the foundations of old dams.

This most romantic division of Fairmount Park extends northeasterly from the head of the East Park for a distance of six and a quarter miles. Its width ranges from 350 feet to 2000 feet, the average being about 600 feet. The ground rises steeply to the uplands on either hand in heavily wooded slopes broken by great rocks and beetling cliffs. Crystal springs, with waters in places detained in refreshing way-side pools, trickle and ripple downward to the stream.



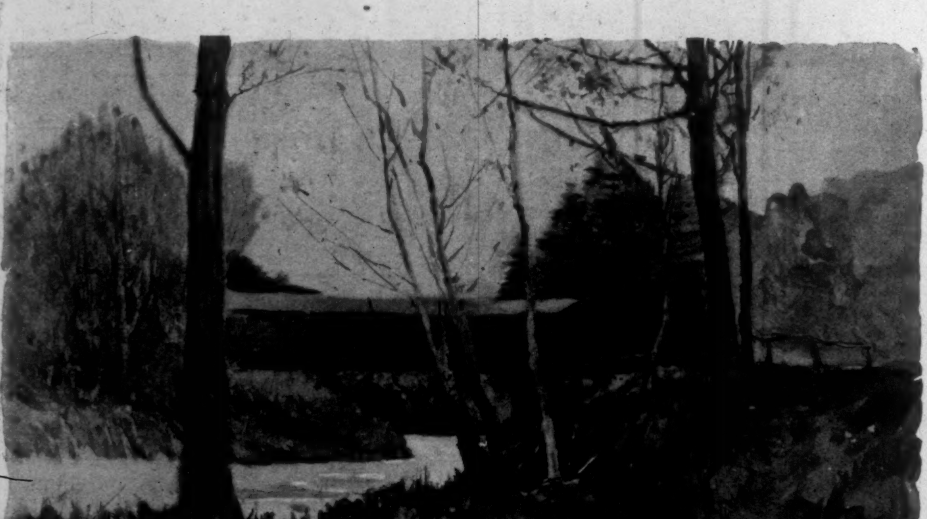
ON THE WISSAHICKON DRIVE.

The scene is one of primeval and beautiful wildness. Forest vistas vanish in the mysterious recesses of the mountain-side; above the clear creek trees overhang, and beneath them footpaths which once were Indian trails wind from the water's edge up the slopes, to disappear amid woodland shadows.

Where Cresheim Creek comes into the Wissahickon is the sombre Devil's Pool, and a little way beyond is the contrasting scenery where the gorge at Valley Green widens into genial sunlit slopes. A half-mile farther up the creek the steep hills are surmounted on the east by the pulpit-shaped Indian Rock, fronted by the statue of an aboriginal chieftain. At Chestnut Hill, five and a half miles from the mouth of the stream, the site of many fine residences, the Wissahickon Valley widens into uplands commanding an outlook over a broad rural expanse with distant mountain scenery, and the northeasterly limit of the Park is reached three-fourths of a mile farther. Bridges span the stream in places.

In these sylvan retreats two centuries ago John Kelpius, the German scholar and mystic, lived with his disciples, awaiting the millennium, for signs of the coming of which they examined the heavens with telescopes each night. They called their society "The Woman in the Wilderness." Kelpius died, and his band of followers slowly decreased in numbers, some dying, and others receding from their simple faith to take up again with worldly life. The "Hermit's Glen" is named after these ascetics. Upon a height two miles above is the "Monastery,"* the subject of much tradition.

This part of Fairmount Park has historical associations



COVERED BRIDGE OVER THE WISSAHICKON.

---

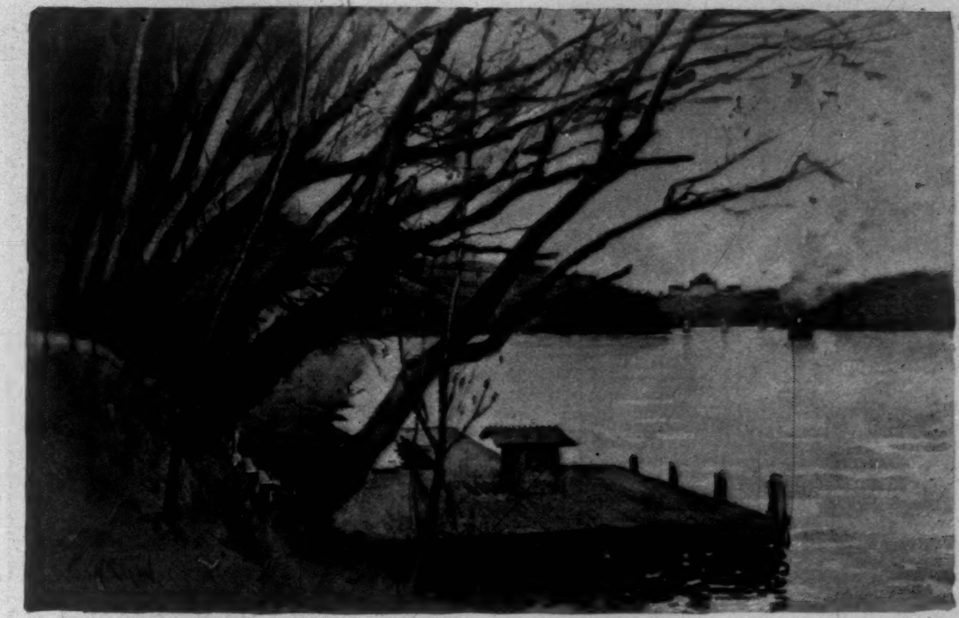
* The "Monastery" had its start in 1738, its foundations being laid by Conrad Beissel, who came to this country in 1720. The "Monastery" was a large community-house, and there was established a branch of the Ephrata Community, which had its headquarters later at Ephrata, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

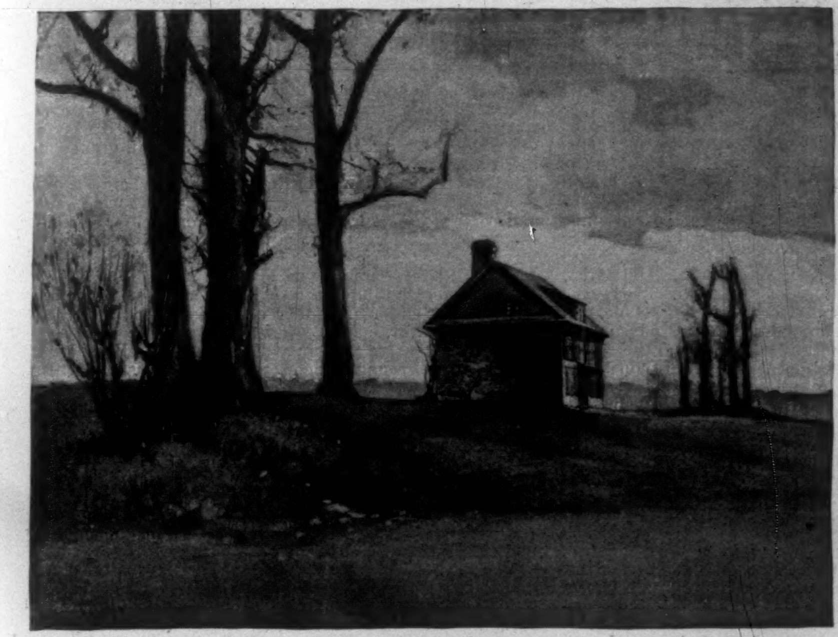
connected with the Revolutionary war. Ridge Road, in the East Park, was the scene of a skirmish between Lafayette and one of Lord Howe's generals, and the Wissahickon Valley was a part of the field on which was fought the memorable battle of Germantown.

Near the mouth of the narrow valley, between the carriage drive and the high hills, are two antique taverns, one of which is the successor of that old-time hostelry the Rock Fish Inn. They are fronted by piazzas, and broadly lettered signs by the doorways announce, so plainly that he who runs may read, that here the guest will be served with the standard bill of fare approved in days before the Revolutionary war, the features of which are catfish, beefsteak, broiled chicken, waffles, and coffee—a repast which the initiated guest orders in the phrase "catfish and coffee."

THE WEST PARK.

Four bridges connect the east-side parks with the West Park across the Schuylkill—the Callowhill Street bridge at the southern end, the Girard Avenue and the City Avenue bridges, and, at the extreme northerly end, the Falls Bridge. A pleasant drive from the lower end of West Park along the shore brings the visitor to the Zoological Gardens, occupying the old estate known as "Solitude." This tract was the country-seat of the Penns in proprietary times, and the little brick building opposite, fronted by a narrow tree-bordered lawn, is the old residence of William Penn—"Letitia House," named from the founder's daughter. It was brought here from Letitia Street, within the city, and re-erected in precisely its early form.


FROM THE RIVER ROAD.


WILLIAM PENN'S HOUSE.

Upon the Lansdowne estate beyond stood the great house of John Penn, the last Colonial Governor of Pennsylvania. After the close of the Revolution United States Senator Bingham, and later Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, and Comte de Survilliers, lived in this old mansion, which was sold to the city by its last private owner, Lord Ashburton, of the Baring family.

At the head of the Lansdowne Valley, which slopes southeasterly to the river, is the Lansdowne Concourse, beyond which a broad open expanse of high ground extends to the Belmont Valley. There are fine lawns and trees on the left of the winding driveway, which, making a great loop toward the river, turns westward, and finally climbs George's Hill, an eminence 210 feet high, and surrounded by an oval concourse, adorned with plants and shrubs. As a background for this height is a tract of wooded country, and on the south and west the ground—a stretch of greensward dotted with clumps of trees and shrubbery—faces to the river. From the Hill one can see the city lying to the south and east, and even far beyond the built-up area.

Connected with George's Hill by a high plateau is the tract known as Belmont, the highest point of which is 243 feet above high tide-water. Fronted by a grassy slope, the old residence "Belmont" and its evergreens stand upon an eminence backed by higher ground. The antique Colonial mansion, a century and a half old, looks down a long declivity of pleasantly varied country of grassy fields and woodlands to the river, with a view of the city beyond. Some giant trees still stand—rows of hemlock that, ivy-draped, once shaded the broad driveway from the house to the road. The mansion, once the home of Judge Richard Peters, the wit, statesman, and patriot, was the resort of the most distinguished men of the period of the American Revolution and the formation of the republic. Robert Morris, the Comte de Survilliers, John Penn (the Governor), John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson were neighbors of the genial judge, and he entertained as guests Franklin, Lafayette, the Baron de Steuben, Talleyrand, and Louis Philippe, and a vast list of other notable persons of the time famous in warfare, politics, and science. Washington often came to Belmont to enjoy informally the society of the judge, sometimes riding out from the city on his white charger, and sometimes driven in great state in his cream-colored coach drawn by six horses. Under the bank of Belmont, nestled close to the river, stands the plain story-and-a-half cottage in which, tradition affirms, the poet Tom Moore resided during his stay in this country.

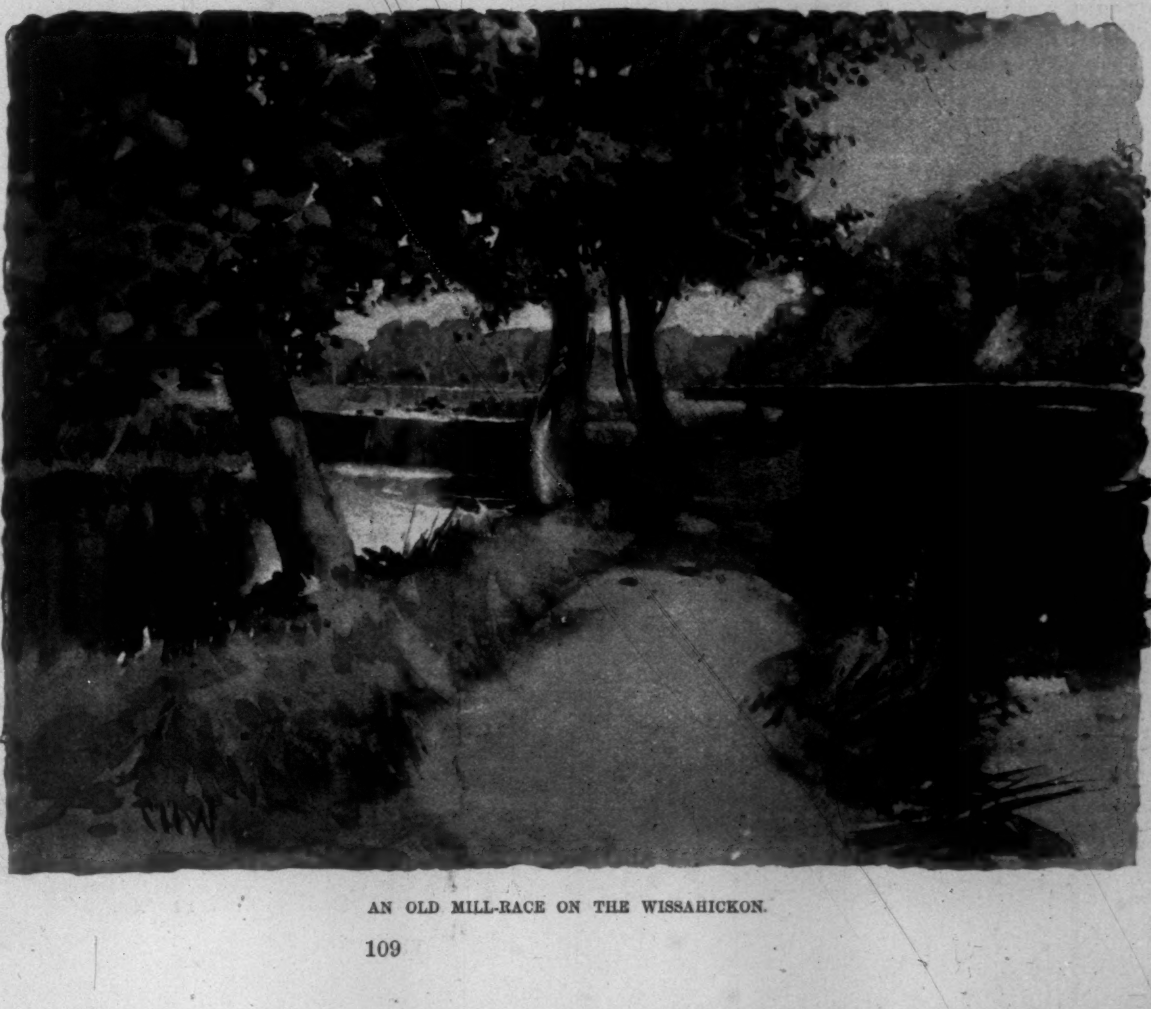
Beyond Belmont the ground falls off towards the north to Mount Prospect and the old house Chamounix, a long reach of the Delaware River winding seaward in its sight. The driveway leads along a country abounding in natural attractions, and flocks of sheep are often seen grazing on the slopes, while in places noble trees give variety to the scene. On Chamounix the driveway affords a fine view of the Laurel Hill Cemetery across the river.

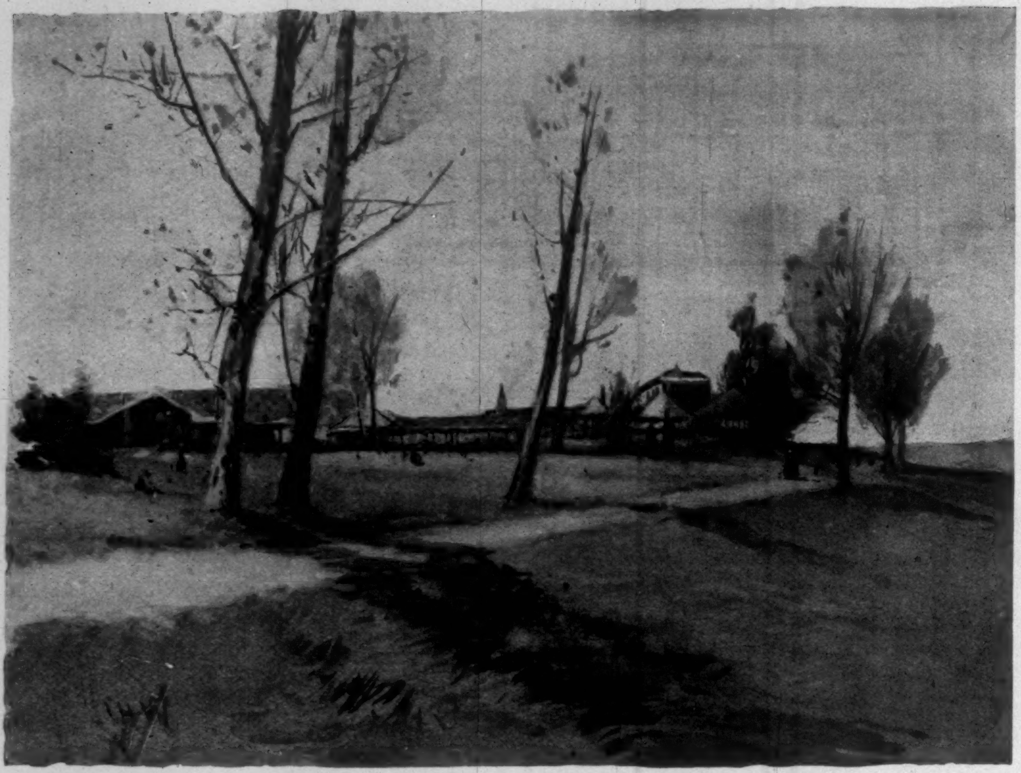
Opposite Falls Village the West Park ends symmetrically against a graceful curve of the river-bank. The West Side Driveway, skirting the northern boundary of the West Park, here comes down to the Falls Bridge.

On the Lansdowne plateau, in the southwesterly part of the West Park, stand several interesting structures erected at the time of the Centennial Exposition of 1876. Facing the south, with spacious arcades and arched portals, is Memorial Hall, covering an acre and a half of ground. Used as a Museum of Art and History, it is managed and occupied in part by the directors of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, and is open to visitors.

In one portion of the building is the splendid collection of pictures bequeathed by Mrs. Wilstach, valued at $150,000. The gift was made in 1893, and is arranged in a wing of the hall. A further bequest by Mrs. Wilstach was the sum of half a million dollars with which to enrich the original collection, the choice of using the income from this money or the principal itself being left to the discretion of those in charge of the pictures. About $80,000 of the bequest has already been employed in the purchase of additional paintings. Memorial Hall also contains a collection of art objects of large value presented by Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore, besides a number of other private collections.

Among the smaller edifices on the same plateau with Memorial Hall is


AN OLD MILL-RACE ON THE WISSAHICKON.



BELMONT MANSION.

the St. George's House, which was the building erected by Great Britain at the time of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876.

Horticultural Hall, designed in the Moresque style of the twelfth century, is a stately edifice 383 feet in length and 193 feet in width, surmounted by a lantern 170 feet long and 20 feet wide, the top of which is 72 feet from the floor below. It is approached from Belmont Avenue by long parallel driveways, with a mall between. Flights of marble steps lead from terraces to the main entrances. The main floor is occupied by the central conservatory, the Hall of Palms, which is filled with date and cocoanut-palms, bananas, and huge bamboos. Adjacent to the Hall of Palms are four greenhouse compartments devoted to the cultivation of various classes of plants of special botanical interest.

The Fernery contains a valuable and very interesting collection of ferns, numbering more than one hundred and sixty varieties, obtained mainly from the Australian and Sandwich islands; also many kinds of mosses.

West of Horticultural Hall, between the Lansdowne and the Belmont valleys, the Botanic Garden and Arboretum exhibits a classified collection of plants for the improvement of botanical science, including living specimens of such varieties as are useful in medicine and the arts. Forming part of the Arboretum, the Michaux Grove of Oaks, named after François André Michaux, the celebrated naturalist and botanist, stands on both sides of the Lansdowne Drive, from the intersection of Belmont Avenue to the west end of Horticultural Hall. In the extreme southerly portion of the West Park the menagerie, in charge of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia, occupies a tract of about thirty acres. It has a diversified surface, well drained, including a fine piece of woodland, the grove of John Penn's old country-seat, Solitude. The garden, which is open to visitors every day during the entire year at a small admission fee, constitutes an extensive and valuable school of natural history.

Among the monuments in Fairmount Park the chief figure is Rogers's colossal bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln in the Old Park, near the Green Street entrance, representing the President seated, with pen in hand, signing the Emancipation Proclamation. A large statue of Alexander von Humboldt, presented to Philadelphia by German citizens, overlooks the Girard Avenue entrance; and on an eminence of the Old Park stands an appropriate statue of the late Hon. Morton McMichael, who, as Mayor of the city and President of the Park Commissioners, was prominently identified with the creation and development of this Park. At an early date a large equestrian bronze statue of General Grant will be an important addition. It will be placed near Fountain Green archway. At the foot of George's Hill, in the West Park, the Catholic Total Abstinence Union has erected a conspicuous and remarkable white marble group, constituting an allegorical fountain, the central figure of which represents Moses smiting the rock. Near the east approach to Girard Avenue bridge stands a fine statue of Joan of Arc.

The greater part of the work of beautifying these grounds through the sculptor's art has been done by the Fairmount Park Association, which has contributed many fine statues for the adornment of the East, the West, and the Old parks, and several choice pictures for Memorial Hall. The bronze equestrian statue of General George Gordon Meade, and the figure "Night"; the bronze groups "Hudson Bay Wolves," "The Dying Lioness," "Silenus and the Infant Bacchus," "The Wrestlers," and "Florentine Lions"; the marble statue "Il Penseroso," the terra-cotta statue "Diana Borghese," and several beautiful granite, bronze, and marble drinking-fountains—are results of the efforts of this public-spirited association.

Streams are plentiful in the Park, and the Schuylkill receives during its many windings, either directly or through the Wissahickon, the waters of twenty brooks, while more than a hundred springs, whose presence is known, bubble up from the ground along the forest-sides or in the meadow-land, and help to swell the volume of water. Ravines abound, and among the most noted are those at Lansdowne, at Belmont, and at Fountain Green, all of which are distinguished by rugged walls, moss-grown, and hung with vines.

The area of forest-land in the Park is large. In the Schuylkill divisions alone there were growing seventeen years ago nearly 35,000 trees of between 18 inches and 27 feet in circumference, besides 200,000 hard-wood shrubs and vines. In the Wissahickon region at the same time it was estimated that over 200,000 trees were growing.

Through the inclusion of old estates beautified by a century of culture there were standing in the Park when its construction began a great number of carefully planted indigenous trees and many exotic trees, shrubs, and vines. This unconscious preparation for the great recreation-ground of to-day had even begun early in the history of the State, when William Penn, upon the occasion of sending a skilful gardener from France to introduce the culture of foreign grapes at Lemon Hill, is recorded to have despatched also from England walnuts, hawthorns, hazels, and fruit trees; and from Maryland a variety of rare seeds and roots, trees and shrubs. In the planting of trees in Fairmount Park the greatest practicable variety has been placed in every locality, selected and newly planted trees have been labelled with metallic tablets, upon which their botanic and common names are printed. Thus while aiming to produce the most pleasing effects, there has been kept also in view the impartation of scientific culture to visitors.

The floral and plant beauty of Fairmount Park is wonderful in extent and variety, embracing over 300 genera and more than 600 species of herbaceous and cryptogamic plants.

Fairmount Park is open to all the world day and night, there being no boundary walls, fences, or gates. The Horticultural Building and conservatories are accessible to the public at proper hours, and their advantages are improved by all classes, rich and poor alike. To the masses of the people of the city access to different points of the grounds is easy, and much liberty is permitted to visitors, with only restraint enough to prevent unwarranted license. Arrangements for cheap fares and frequent trains are maintained with railroads that penetrate the Park, and many trolley-cars run to the Park entrances; commodious licensed steamboats carry thousands of passengers to the Zoological Garden and other points along the river in the East and West parks, and the handsome large public boat-house recently built by the commissioners on the river-bank, opposite the Lincoln Monument, affords excellent facilities for oarsmen and skaters.

The broad expanses of open park lands are a favorite play-ground of the children, for whose amusement carrousels, with swings, flying horses, and small carriages drawn by goats are maintained. There is a ball-ground at the Park, and well-kept spaces for croquet-players are maintained on the lawns of the old estates, where the ancient mansions, with spacious apartments and wide halls and verandas, are furnished as places for shelter, refreshment, and amusement for the visitors. During the summer season public concerts are given daily at Belmont, Lemon Hill, and Strawberry Mansion.

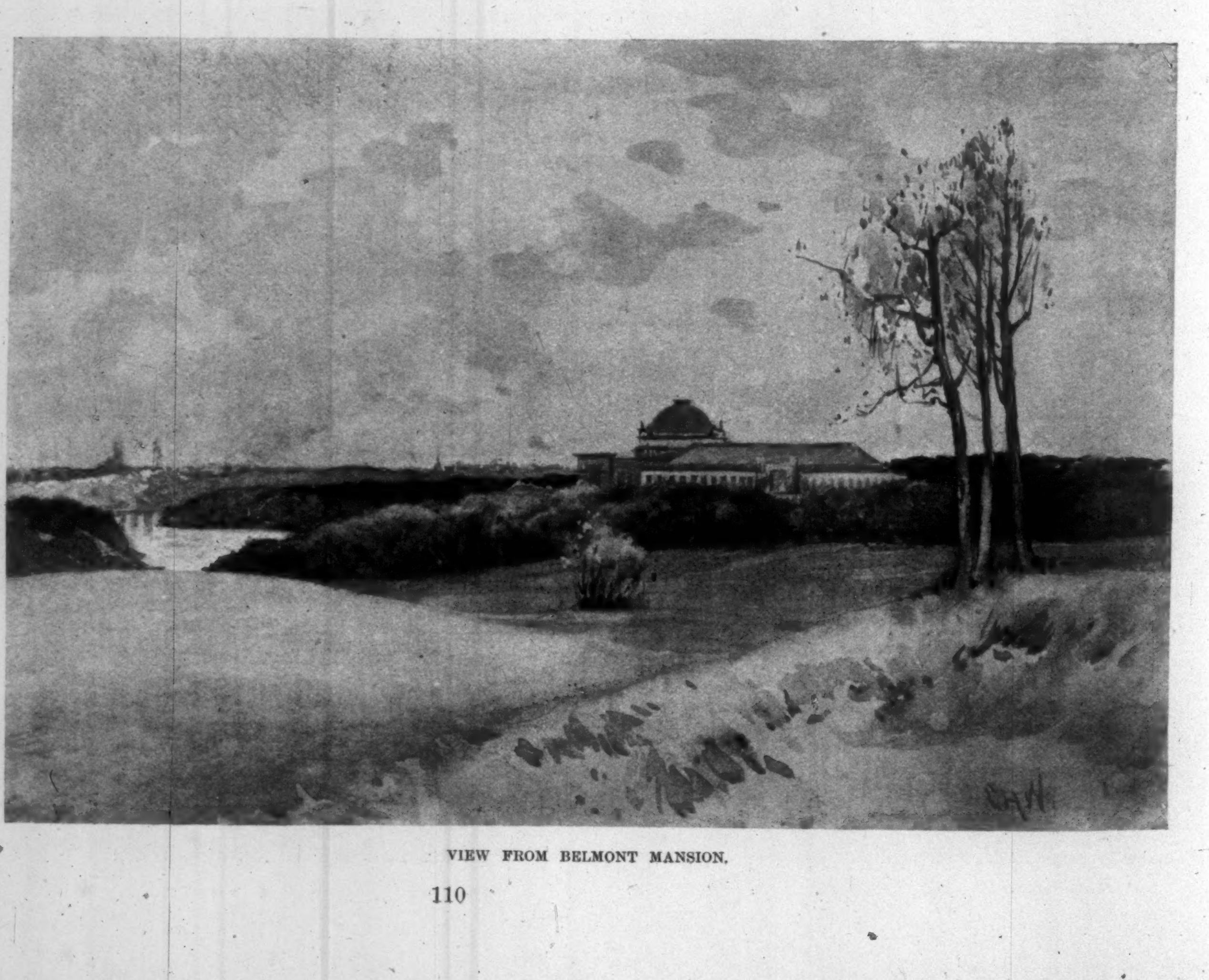
Rough picnic tables are provided for the use of pleasure-seekers, and many other conveniences are afforded for their comfort.

On the extensive plateau at Edgeley, in the East Park, is the parade-ground, which serves for the musters, drills, and inspections and reviews of the militia. The special gala-day is the Fourth of July. Concerts are given during the day at all the music stands, and in the evening a great multitude gathers in the Old Park to see the fireworks.

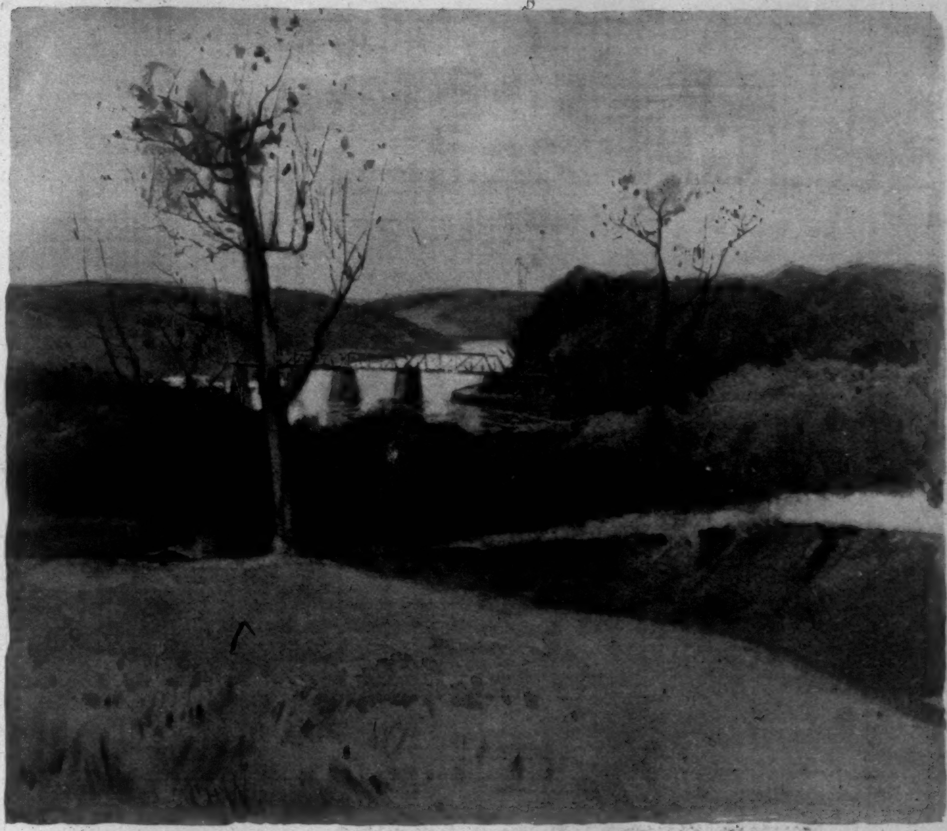
The Park police, 105 in number, are a well-organized, disciplined, and uniformed corps of high efficiency, and with a fine record. An ambulance is kept in readiness for use, and the guard-house is furnished a medicine-chest and simple surgical appliances.

The entire amount appropriated for the maintenance and improvement of the Park during 1895 was $584,795—$100,000 of it to be expended on permanent improvements, the balance on maintenance of the Park. The Park Commission also receives all the fines, fees, etc., collected within the limits of the Park, last year these amounting to $7000.

The first requisite of construction has been to secure



VIEW FROM BELMONT MANSION.



COLUMBIA BRIDGE FROM A POINT NEAR THE ART-GALLERY.

and maintain good facilities for going from one point to another of the Park. The broadest avenue, Belmont, with its beautiful vista of bordering trees, is 100 feet wide, and the width of most of the other Park carriage roads is fifty or sixty feet. These ways have been judiciously laid out so as to unite convenience of route with the command of the most picturesque scenery.

On the site of the Centennial Exhibition, covering ground once occupied by the Main Building and Machinery Hall, a pleasureway known as the Centennial Concourse has for years been in process of construction. It is elliptical in design, with a driveway two miles in length. Its carriage road is to be 100 feet in width, and is bordered by a footwalk and equestrian way each fifty feet wide. It lies parallel with and near Elm Avenue, which bounds the southwest side of the West Park. The water from Georges Run will be led along this concourse, and will supply the fountain in the centre. Owing to lack of funds for construction purposes, the progress of this great work has been very slow, and it is as yet far from completion.

The executive management of Fairmount Park is principally conducted under the supervision of the committees on Plans and Improvements, and of Superintendence and Police. The duties of the responsible office of Chief Engineer and Superintendent have for many years been ably performed by General Russell Thayer, who with the insufficient means at his disposal has achieved large results, and has exhibited in the maintenance and development of the Park, in its broad purposes of benefit toward the people, a rare discretion and a high conception of his responsibility and duties.

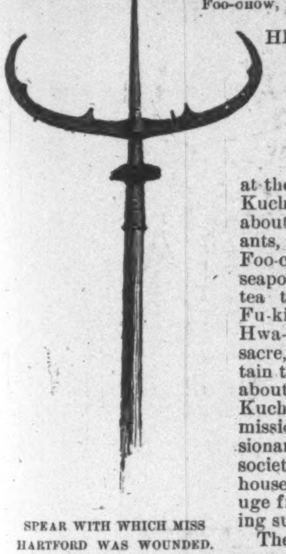
The great area of Fairmount Park in its phase of a recreation-ground has been obtained, so far as the purchase of land goes, virtually without cost. The first object, the acquisition of bank-side lands, thus securing a supply of pure water for the city, fully justified the purchase of all the ground now included in the Park limits. But beyond the paramount matters of a water-supply, and the culture and health and happiness imparted to the people by the possession of Fairmount Park, the construction of this great recreation-ground has been a good financial investment for Philadelphia, in the consequent added value of real estate and taxable resources, which is more than commensurate with the entire amount of purchase-money, and will continually increase in the future. The Park, at the time it was laid out, lay clear of the town, but the city streets and buildings have advanced far along its borders, and are crowding against it on the east and south and west.

On a territory so large the progress of improvement is necessarily slow; and even were there large appropriations for construction purposes, many years would elapse before the whole plan of a tract so vast could take permanent and perfected shape. The limited amount of the appropriations for maintenance and improvement directly compels the commissioners to use exceeding economy at times when a liberal sum is required to accomplish what is really needed. There are portions of the Park which, by reason of their wildness, it might be thought could be left comparatively unimproved for the present, while the parts nearer the city proper are given more attention. Yet even the most remote points of the Wissahickon region are frequented by many visitors who ride or drive, for whose benefit the roads must be kept in repair, and other work done requiring considerable expense.

Fairmount Park to-day is unsurpassed in natural beauty, and its management, all things being considered, is admirable. As a recreation-ground it has no superior in the world, and the forefathers of the present generation deserve the thanks of those who now enjoy the Park for their wise policy in providing so early against the difficulties which the spread of the city later would have placed in the path of park-making.

THE KUCHENG COMMISSION.

BY GEORGE B. SMYTH,
Foo-chow, China.



SPEAR WITH WHICH MISS HARTFORD WAS WOUNDED.

HERE is Kucheng? So many American papers have set it down in such widely separated places, some of them hundreds of miles apart, and all at great distances from its real location, that it may be well at the outset to tell where it is. Kucheng is a walled city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, ninety miles northwest of Foo-chow, the capital, principal seaport, and chief centre of the tea trade of the province of Fu-kien, in southeastern China. Hwa-sang, the scene of the massacre, is a bamboo-covered mountain two thousand feet high, and about ten miles distant from Kucheng. Some time ago the missionaries of the Church Missionary and Zenana Missionary societies, both English, built two houses near its summit as a refuge from the heat of the scorching summers on the plain.

The details of the massacre are now so well known that it is unnecessary to repeat them here. One or two things not generally known may be mentioned. The blow fell with terrible suddenness. Not one of the victims had the slightest suspicion of impending danger. It is now known that for several days preceding the slaughter the "Vegetarians" had been gathering at a mountain fastness near Hwa-sang, and that in the villages through which they passed they had threatened the speedy destruction of the Christian churches. But of all this the missionaries knew nothing, not even of the fact that strange men had come to their houses and asked the servants if their employers had guns.

On the evening of July 31st the little company of missionaries were unusually happy, planning to celebrate the sixth birthday of Herbert Stewart on the following day, little dreaming that within a few hours nine of them would be cruelly murdered and the little boy himself fatally wounded. On the morning of the 1st, Mildred and Cathleen, daughters of Rev. and Mrs. Stewart, were picking flowers near the house when the murderers came, and in less than half an hour the dreadful work was done.

No such sacrifice of foreign life has been made since the Tien-tsin massacre of June 20, 1870; but the slaughter at Tien-tsin was the wild work of an infuriated mob; the massacre at Hwa-sang was a cold-blooded murder, deliberately planned and deliberately carried out. In the sad work of the next two days—the preparing for burial of the dead and the caring for the wounded and bringing them to Foo-chow—Dr. J. J. Gregory, of the American Methodist Mission, did heroic service. At the time of the massacre he was at Kucheng, but the moment he heard of it he went to the magistrate's yamen, demanded a guard, and, with the thirteen soldiers assigned him, left for Hwa-sang. It was a perilous journey, but was undertaken without a moment's hesitation. The next morning after the coffins were ready it was impossible to secure bearers to carry them to Cui-kau, a place sixty miles from Foo-chow, and whence they could be brought down in boats. After talking for three hours with the Kucheng magistrate, who had also come to Hwa-sang, he was compelled to insist that he should punish two of the villagers who were leaders in refusing to carry the dead. The whipping had a salutary effect, and bearers were promptly secured. But for Dr. Gregory the bodies could never have been brought to Foo-chow, and it is questionable if Miss Codrington would have survived the journey. J. Courtney Hixson, Esq., the United States consul, who did not hear of the murder till Saturday morning, promptly called on the Viceroy, and after some pressure succeeded in procuring a government launch to go up the river with a small party to meet the returning survivors. In all that has since been done our consul has taken a leading and most manly part.

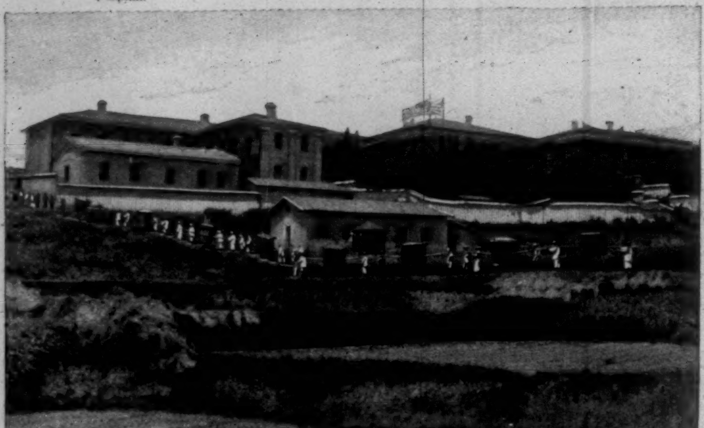
It was necessary that as soon after the massacre as possible a thorough investigation should be begun, and in order to see that the guilty alone were punished, and not some purchased substitutes, it was equally necessary that the consuls should be present. Accordingly the United States and British consuls, the British vice-consul, Lieutenant Evans of the United States cruiser *Detroit*, Dr. J. J. Gregory, and the Rev. W. Banister and Rev. L. Star of the English Mission, left Foo-chow for Kucheng on Tuesday, August 13th. Their going was opposed by the Viceroy, but when he found that he could not prevent it, he consented and furnished a guard of a hundred soldiers. A few days afterwards Commander J. S. Newell, of the *Detroit*, went to Kucheng to represent the United States Navy Department, and was accompanied by Dr. E. H. Hart, of the Methodist Mission, as medical attendant.

Soon after arriving the foreign commissioners and the Chinese officials met to consider the best methods of conducting the examination, when the former were astonished to find that they would not be allowed to attend the trials at all. The representative of the Viceroy of the province informed them that he would try the prisoners himself, sentence the guilty, and tell them the result. As this was not what they came for, and would make their presence at Kucheng absolutely useless, they promptly telegraphed their ministers for instructions, with the result that orders were speedily sent from the Chungli-Yamen, or Foreign Office at Peking, commanding their admission. The Viceroy has been opposed from the beginning to their presence at the trial, and has done nothing to assist them until forced to. There is also a powerful influence here at Foo-chow, the force of which is exerted to protect the murderers, and to keep the investigation from going to dangerous lengths. Hatred of the foreigner extends through all ranks in China with the sole exception of the great merchants. It is often said that while the officials and literati are anti-foreign the common people are not. The latter are often represented as welcoming the missionary with open arms, and treating him as their benefactor and friend. Nothing could be more untrue, as is shown by the fact that they are so easily persuaded to riot and murder. The people of China, with the exception noted above, must be regarded as a vast anti-foreign league, and ready when opportunity offers to give terrible expression to their hatred.

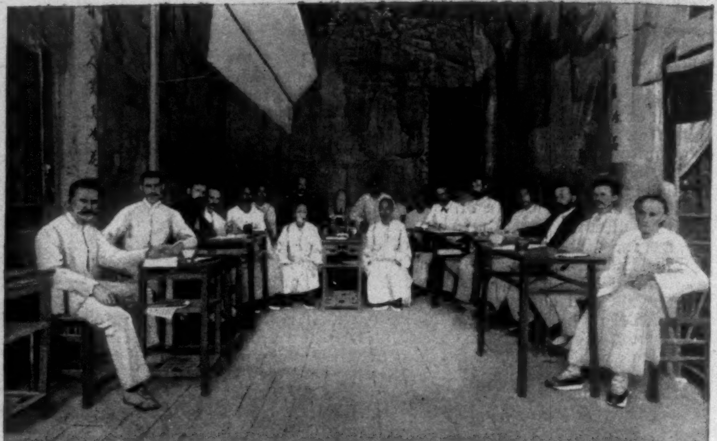
The trials began on Wednesday, the 21st of August, and have continued with varying success up to the time of writing. Over a hundred and thirty men have been arrested, and, when denial was no longer useful, have confessed that they had taken part in the massacre. The slow progress made has been due to the fact that the Prefect who presided had no independent authority whatever, but was compelled to refer every question of importance to the Viceroy at Foo-chow for settlement. As this caused serious delays the United States consul telegraphed to Mr. Denby, and represented the necessity of the presence of a higher official. A special commissioner was accordingly appointed, but on his arrival it was discovered that he had no more authority than the Prefect. At the first interview with the consuls he claimed to have full power—power sufficient to behead "ten or a thousand," or any number that would suit the governments of England and the United States, but he declared that he could not and would not execute one unless he was assured that with such execution all claims ceased. His master, the Viceroy, under whose orders he was acting, had in mind the fine of over a million Mexican dollars, exacted by the French from the Viceroy of Ssu-chuan in punishment for the riots which he had himself incited, in addition to the general indemnity to be paid by the government, and he wished to avoid a like punishment upon himself by bargaining with human heads. Innocent or guilty was a matter of no importance; he was prepared to sacrifice any number if assurance were given that that would end the matter. As this was beyond the power of the consuls, there was no alternative but refusal, and more telegraphing to Peking. The ministers must have presented the case strongly, as orders were speedily issued to proceed with the execution of the guilty. On the 16th, therefore, the Viceroy ordered the execution of seven, and the sentence was carried out on the following morning in the presence of the officials and four of the commissioners, and before a vast crowd, which clapped its hands when the work was done. This is but the beginning, for several others are convicted, and there are still others against whom the evidence is so overwhelming that there is no possibility of escape.

Most of the criminals are laborers or farmers, but few, if any, are professional rowdies. The visible instigator of the massacre was a well-known fortune-teller who persuaded the Vegetarians that unless they killed the foreigners the foreigners would kill them. What his motives were beyond the gaining of plunder, for everything taken from the victims was given to him, it is difficult to tell. He did not himself take part in the massacre, but having set the terrible work on foot, remained hidden behind. He is now in prison and awaiting execution. Another leader, also arrested and convicted, is evidently a fanatic. In the presence of the court he gloried in the deed. He told a strange

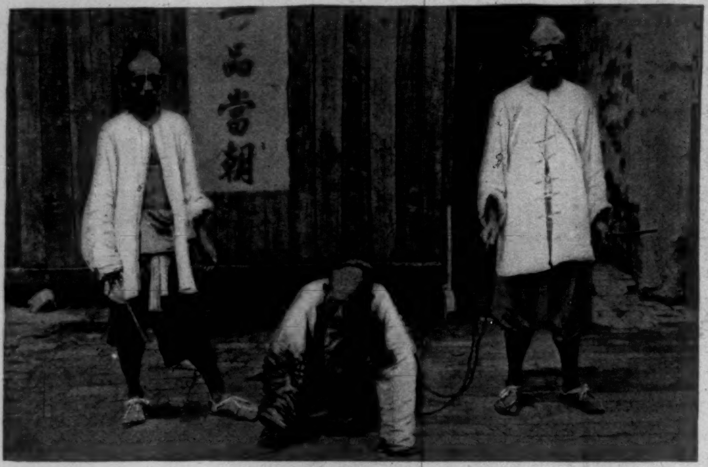
(*Continued on page 114.*)



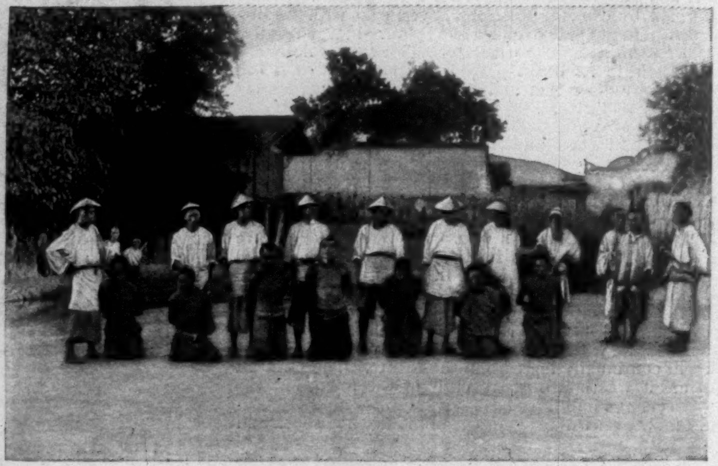
METHODIST MISSION COMPOUND—THE COMMISSION RETURNING FROM COURT.



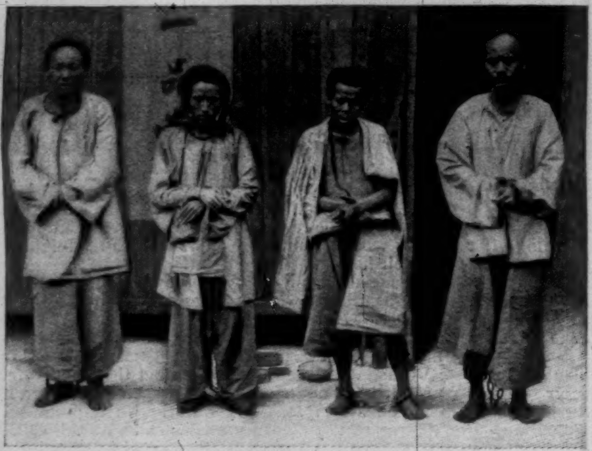
THE FULL COMMISSION OF CHINESE AND FOREIGNERS IN COURT IN CHINESE YAMEN.



MING CHIANG CHEK, WHO KILLED MRS. STEWART AND ATTEMPTED TO KILL MISS HARTFORD.
His two Captors, here shown, received a Reward of $500 from the Chinese Officials.

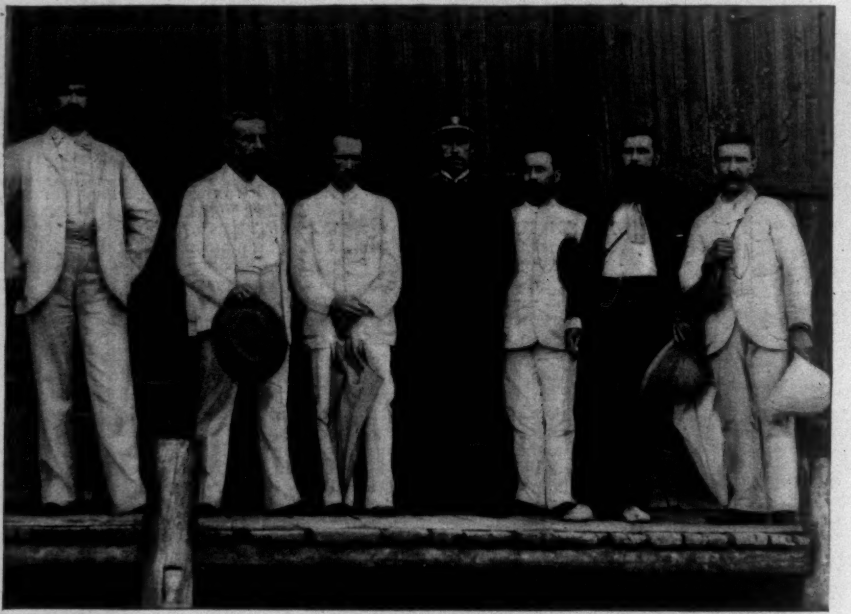


THE SEVEN MEN BEHEADED ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1895, KNEELING PREPARATORY TO EXECUTION.



Do Cio, the Flag-bearer. The Fortune-teller. Chief Propagator of Vegetarian Doctrine. Another Leader.

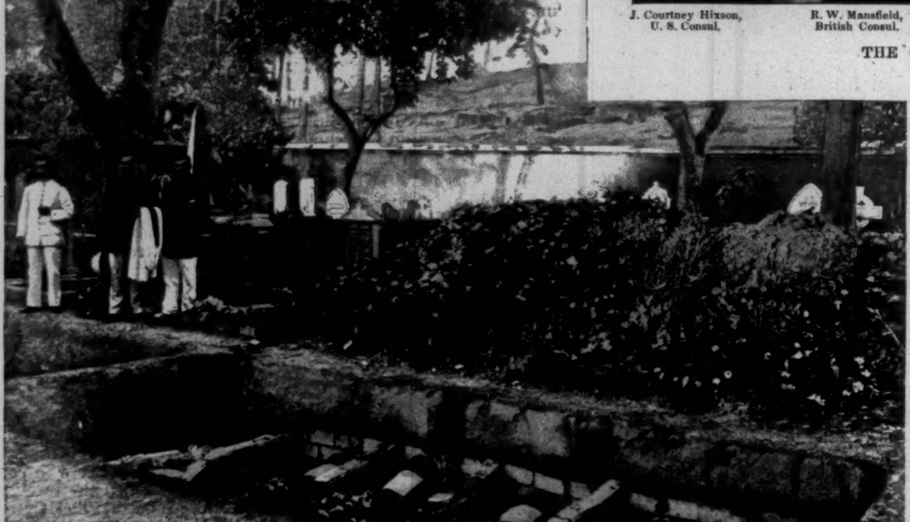
THE FOUR LEADERS OF THE MASSACRE.



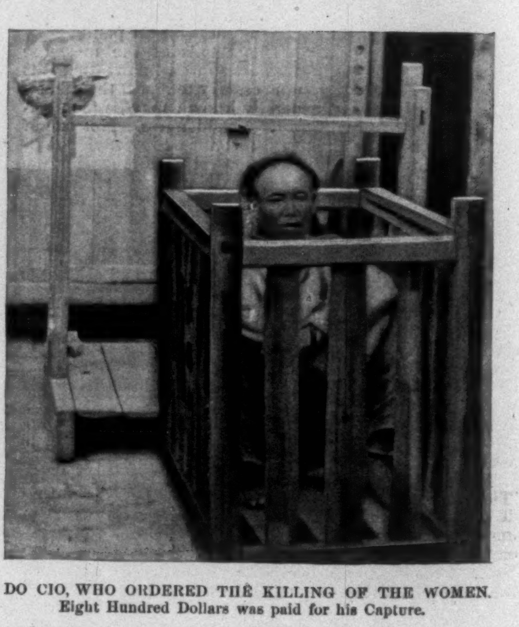
J. J. Gregory, M D., of the Methodist Episcopal Mission.

J. Courtney Hixson, U. S. Consul. R. W. Mansfield, British Consul. E. V. B. Allen, British Vice-Consul. Lieutenant W. Evans, U. S. Cruiser *Detroit.* Rev. W. Banister, Rev. L. Star, of the English Church Mission.

THE COMMISSION AS FIRST ORGANIZED.

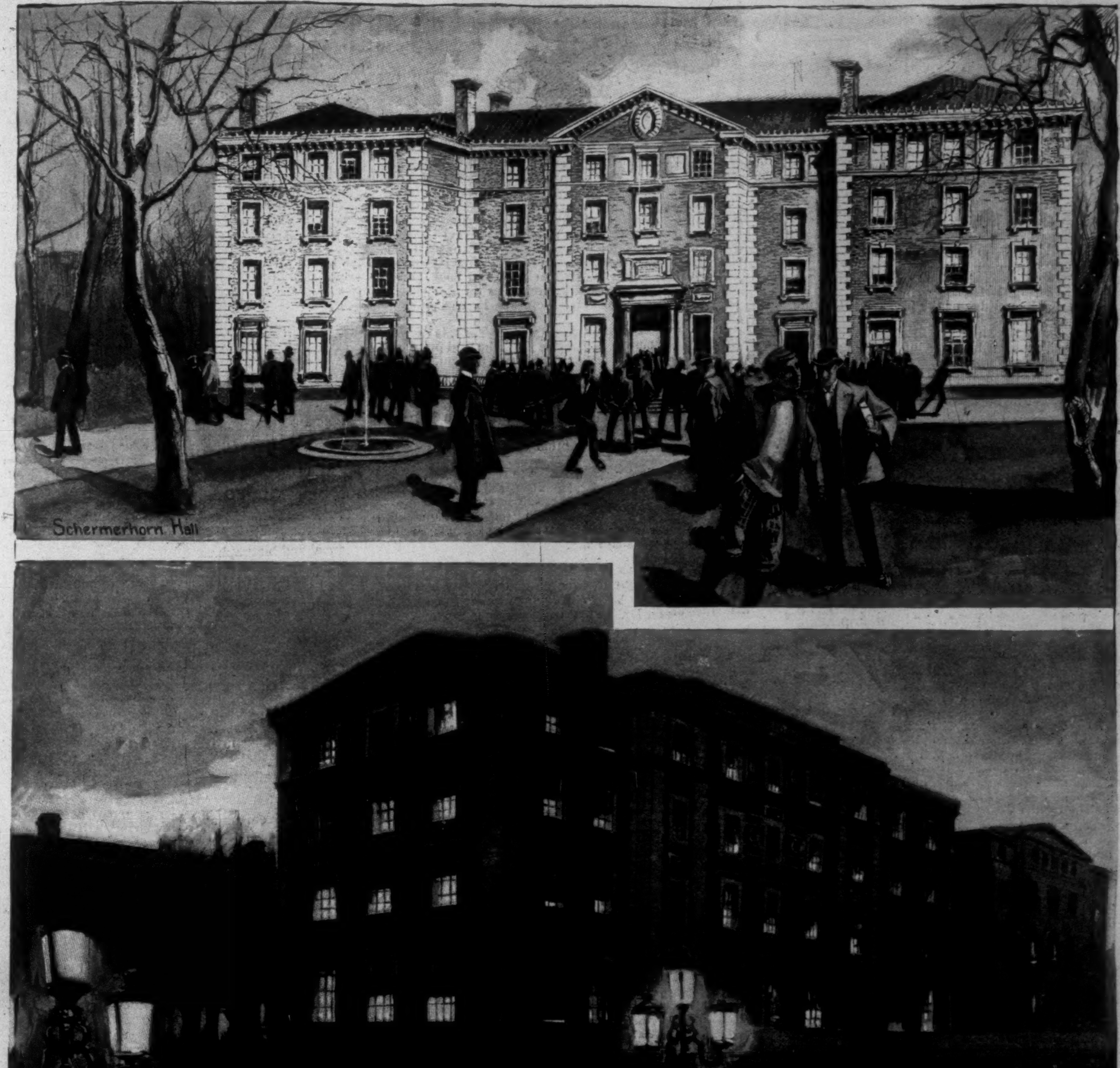


THE GRAVES OF THE MURDERED MISSIONARIES IN THE FOREIGN CEMETERY AT FOO-CHOW.



DO CIO, WHO ORDERED THE KILLING OF THE WOMEN.
Eight Hundred Dollars was paid for his Capture.

THE KUCHENG MASSACRE, AND THE RESULTS OBTAINED BY THE JOINT COMMISSION OF INVESTIGATION.


Schermerhorn Hall
Hall of Physics

TWO NEW BUILDINGS-FOR COLUMBIA COLLEGE AT MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.
DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER AFTER THE ACCEPTED DESIGNS BY McKIM, MEAD, AND WHITE.—[SEE PAGE 116.]

(Continued from page 111.)

story on examination of what preceded the massacre. He said that three nights before he and thirty others met at their fastness to discuss their plans. Some objected to murder, and proposed going to a certain village and robbing a rich man's house, others wanted to go to Kucheng and tear down the foreign houses, while a third party urged the necessity of killing immediately the missionaries at Hwa-sang. Unable to decide, their leader, the fortune-teller, took three pieces of paper, on which he wrote, or said he wrote, the three plans, one on each; he then rolled the papers into little balls, and using two incense sticks as chopsticks, picked up one of them. On opening it the word Hwa-sang was found written within. Three times he did this, and always with the same result. On the two following nights the lots were drawn again, and the ball picked up was always the one containing the fatal word "Hwa-sang." He had written the same thing in all, without the knowledge of the majority, at least, of his confederates. Taking this, if the story is true, as the decree of fate, the party, which by this time had grown to nearly a hundred, proceeded, after saluting the Vegetarian standard, to carry out the sentence. It will interest American readers to know that the man who made this confession is the man who attacked Miss Hartford, the only American missionary on the ground, and whom, as he adds, he was "unfortunately prevented from killing by the untimely interference of her servant."

The Vegetarian Society has long been established in Kucheng, and its members are not, as is sometimes supposed, Buddhists. So far as is known, the original members of the sect in this province were men really anxious to give up opium-smoking and other destructive habits, but as it grew it attracted to itself men with other purposes. It was a law or custom of the members to stand by one another in trouble, no matter what its cause, and thus many became Vegetarian who were governed by no higher purpose than to escape the necessity of paying their just debts, or to secure the means of taking vengeance on their enemies. There is no proof that the society is in any sense a political organization with designs against the present dynasty. It is an association of desperate men, ready for anything, and wielded by a power the source of which is not yet visible. It is a brotherhood of crime, whose only virtues are the Buddhist one that its members do not eat meat, and the more general one that they abstain entirely from tobacco, opium, and wine.

Last spring this organization began to cause serious trouble in the Kucheng district, but in spite of strong representations from the magistrate, the Viceroy took no effective measures to suppress it, and refused to support his subordinate in his conflict with its members. The result of that struggle was that the magistrate himself was dismissed, and forced to submit to the most humiliating conditions by the Vegetarians. In the person of his favorite secretary he was publicly beaten in his yamen, and the men whom he had arrested he was compelled to liberate and send through the streets of the city in new and richly decorated chairs. Thus emboldened, the Vegetarians committed so many outrages that on the 24th of July even the phlegmatic Viceroy was stirred to a temporary activity, and he sent about 200 soldiers to Kucheng to suppress the outbreaks. The force was ludicrously inadequate, but it roused the anger of the Vegetarians. They saw in it the first sign of energy on the part of the authorities, and feared it might be the beginning of a serious effort to suppress them. Unfortunately they attributed the coming of the troops to the representations of the missionaries, and in revenge resolved to kill every missionary in the district. This, so far as is known, was the real cause of the massacre.

As to the effect of all this on Christian work in this province it is idle to speculate. It is certain that in the Kucheng district no foreign missionary can reside for a long time to come. The people now, even those who have no sympathy with the Vegetarian movement, attribute the misfortunes which have befallen them, in the presence and foraging of the soldiers and the wild alarms caused by frequent arrests, to the presence of the foreigners. "If there were no foreigners," they say, "there would be no Christians; and if there were no Christians, this trouble with the Vegetarians would not have occurred."

Seven have been executed; many more will be. What then? This is the question every foreigner in China is asking, and every Chinese official too. If our governments are satisfied with the execution of these guilty instruments of others who have succeeded in keeping themselves hidden, their work will not have been half done.

Only direct personal responsibility of the provincial authorities for riots and massacres will bring these terrible outbreaks to an end. The old claim that they cannot keep the people in check is false; they never have the slightest difficulty in doing so when they really try. The Vegetarian movement is not a rebellion, nor is there the slightest evidence that it is connected with a seditious organization in any other part of the empire. There has never been a moment since its beginning when it was not easily within the control of the authorities at Foo-chow. Much has been said of the disintegrating effects of the late war, but they have been greatly exaggerated. To the vast majority of the people of China no news of the war has ever come, and where it has, but little of the truth is known. That Japan has beaten China is an astonishing something of which but few of them have ever heard.

Finally, there is not a foreigner in China who does not hope that England and America will repudiate the old despicable method of settling anti-foreign riots, accepting a money indemnity, the receiving of so much money for the spilling of so much blood. This is one of the principal sources of all our troubles in China; it brings us into contempt with the people, and has led them to feel that whatever they do can be settled for without serious results to any one. We have reached a critical time in our relations with China, and upon what is done now much in the future will depend. If drastic measures are not taken it is safe to say that in the very near future the residence of foreigners in the interior will be impossible. Vague promises of protection from Peking are worthless, and wherever it is possible the Chinese ministers mean that they shall be. They have no more regard for treaty obligations than their subordinates in the provinces. Short of the partitioning of the empire, nothing but the direct punishment of the high officials of a province in which riots or massacres occur will ever bring these outbursts of hatred to an end.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MAGAZINES and magazinelets continue to abound. The newest magazinelet would seem to be the *Fly Leaf*, which started last month in Boston. Yet last month is nearly two months ago, and there may be many newer ones since then. The *Fly Leaf* is a Periodical of the New—not to say the Fresh—and wants to know in its second number whether any other country than ours "could boast such an utterly mediocre, uninspired group of literary artisans as is represented by the Scratchback Club of New York, which in its membership really furnishes all that passes for contemporary 'American' literature in our periodicals."

The *Philistine*, from East Aurora, New York, is of like poise and dimensions with the *Fly Leaf*, the said poise being that of the football punter just about to punt. That is the attitude of almost all the magazinelets. It is possible, indeed, that there is somewhat too much community of purpose among them, and consequently too much competition for their own welfare. The petard is an inviting implement, but an excessive multiplication of it is accompanied by the risk of eventual shortage of fit matter to hoist.

The *Philistine* does a good service to readers by reprinting in its December number, from the *Pall Mall Magazine* of June, 1893, Mr. Kipling's "Dipsy Chanty," a poem, or rather a great song, that is enough in itself to demonstrate what a good chance Lord Salisbury missed when he didn't appoint Kipling poet-laureate.

And speaking of the laureate, a pretty contrast between the way a thing ought to be done and the way it ought not to be done may be observed by comparison of Mr. Austin's verses on Dr. Jameson with those beginning,

> "If men may speak no praise of him,
> That firebrand at the empire's rim,"

which appeared in the *St. James' Gazette*.

No man who has once been President of the United States may hope ever again to enjoy all the privileges of a private individual. As long as he lives he is sure to be a personage whose concerns are matters of interest to his countrymen, and he is only too likely to be embarrassed at times by the attention his personal affairs receive. All the world has heard now of General Harrison's intention to marry Mrs. Mary Lord Dimmick; for Mr. Harrison, recognizing the solicitude of his countrymen about his plans, has taken them all into his confidence. Mrs. Dimmick is a niece of the late Mrs. Harrison, and was a frequent visitor in the White House during General Harrison's term of residence there. She lives now in New York, and her marriage will take place some time after Lent.

Prince Henry of Battenberg has doubtless been a good deal more popular in England for the last week than he ever was in his lifetime. The Queen liked him, and so undoubtedly did his wife, but the English, as a rule, were not particularly well disposed toward him. He was exceedingly good-looking, and, so far as appears, was a well-mannered and agreeable gentleman of good abilities, but as he had no fortune, and was a Prince of nothing, his only standing in England was as the husband of Princess Beatrice, the Queen's favorite daughter, and the attempt to distinguish him by various honors and promotions made him an object of much jealousy and ill-natured comment. His death is sad, for he leaves young children and a widow, for whose bereavement all kind people will grieve. He was the son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, and was born in 1858.

That branch of the Methodist Church which is formally known as "The Methodist Church South" has a claim upon the government which ought to be honored. It asks compensation for property seized under an order of General Thomas in December, 1863, at Nashville, Tennessee. The property seized was a printing-house and its contents. It was taken for the use of the government and turned into an army printing-office. General Thomas assumed that it had been confiscated, but the claimants maintain that it was never confiscated and was never confiscable, but was simply seized, used, and returned to its owners two years later. They hold that the government should pay for the use of the property and for such damage as befel it. Three committees of Congress have passed on their claim, and have held it to be well founded, but it has not yet been paid. A new attempt to get it paid is to be made in the present session of Congress. The WEEKLY trusts it may succeed. The country can afford to pay its just debts, and there seems to be no doubt that one of them would be liquidated by the passage of the pending bill "for the relief of the book-agents of the Methodist Church South."

It goes very much against the grain of thrifty human nature when a man who has learned how to do a thing well passes on out of the world before he has had due use of his gifts and his acquired knowledge. Bernhard Gillam, who died last week of typhoid fever at Canajoharie, was only thirty-nine years old, but for fifteen years he had had a national reputation as a political cartoonist. His death seems sadly premature. He had won his place, and very possibly made his fortune, but there seemed to be thirty or forty years of good work in him which will be lost.

Gillam was born in England, but came to Brooklyn with his parents when he was a child. He went to the public schools in Brooklyn, and entered a lawyer's office there, but a bent toward drawing which ran in his family was strong in him, and he turned promptly and easily from law to picture-making. He began as contributor to one of the publications of Frank Leslie, dealt next with the *Daily Graphic*, and in the Hancock campaign worked with Nast in the service of HARPER'S WEEKLY. In 1881 he joined the staff of *Puck*, and in that paper appeared his very well known picture of Mr. Blaine as the tattooed man. In 1886 he joined Mr. Arkell in the purchase of *Judge*, and had devoted himself for ten years past to the interests of that paper.

Most Americans who are old enough to remember the civil war have heard of Matthew Brady, the Washington photographer. Brady was the great picture-maker of the war-time. In his studios at Washington and elsewhere he took the likenesses of all the famous people that came along, from the Prince of Wales in 1860 down through a long list of generals and statesmen. He was a remarkable man, and his services in this line of his business were very valuable to the country. He was born in 1823, and grew up with the intention of being a portrait-painter; but in 1840, or thereabout, his friend and fellow-craftsman S. F. B. Morse called his attention to the new method of Daguerre of taking likenesses. Brady studied it thoroughly, and presently opened a small establishment in New York for taking daguerreotypes. He did it well, and prospered; took a first prize at London at the exhibition of 1851, and became well known both at home and abroad. When the photograph superseded the daguerreotype, Brady moved his gallery to Washington, and there too he prospered. When the war broke out he sent men to photograph battle-fields and war scenes, and got together a remarkable collection of plates, some of which he afterwards sold to the War Department.

His later history is sad enough. He had disappointments in business and troubles in his household, and began to drink and to neglect his business. His savings became dissipated, like himself. His remarkable collection of pictures and plates was broken up and scattered. He gave up his business, and though later he started it again, he could not attend to it. A year or two ago he was run over by a street car in Washington and crippled. After that he was cared for by members of the Seventh Regiment Veterans in New York, and he died in the Presbyterian Hospital. Happily his pictures have lasted better than he, for many of them are of great value now as historical and biographical documents.

Miss Clara Barton, President of the American Red Cross Society, left New York on the 22d of January for Constantinople. On arriving in London Miss Barton will at once confer with the Red Cross Society in England, and the opinions of the other European societies will receive consideration. Miss Barton will try then to reach Turkey as soon as practicable. These recent words of hers show that she has the fullest comprehension of the situation: "I have no desire or wish to antagonize the Turkish authorities. I am simply a woman bent on a humane and difficult mission. I deprecate everything that has been said and written denouncing the Turkish government. I have never joined in these attacks against the Sublime Porte. To say that I am going to carry out my intentions despite of the Turkish authorities only hinders the object I have in view."

If Miss Barton succeeds in coming into close contact with the Armenians, such relief as money may afford, by the purchase of food for the starving, will of course be forth-coming, but, above all, the main object of the Red Cross Society is to care for the sick and wounded, to establish hospitals, to secure surgical assistance, nurses, and to alleviate those sufferings which arise among belligerents, irrespective of creed or nationality. It is well, too, that such an errand of compassion should come from America. Our honesty of purpose cannot be questioned. We have no other mission than the saving of life. One thing, however, is certain, and it is that should Miss Barton ever reach the scene of contest we shall at least learn what is the truth, for in the accounts transmitted us, colored as they have been, it is evident that the truth has often been sadly garbled.

E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

AT a concert given by the Chicago Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Theodore Thomas, a week ago, there was an amusing conflict of will between the conductor and the audience. An exceptionally spirited performance of the *Ride of the Valkyries* was given, and received with vociferous applause. Mr. Thomas bowed his acknowledgments, but the audience clamored for a repetition. The leader, standing in Napoleonic pose, waited for the noise to subside. The demonstration was kept up steadily for nearly five minutes, and ceased only when the baton was raised for the following number. Few men would have had the nerve to resist such an appeal, but Mr. Thomas, when he is obdurate, is equal to an occasion like this. He was right, of course. The encore fiend is nearly always and everywhere a nuisance, and Mr. Thomas deserves the gratitude of the judicious for the determined stand that he habitually takes in such matters. A concert programme is of the nature of an implied contract between the leader and the ticket-purchaser. The latter is unreasonable in asking for more than he has paid for, and the former is bound to consider the wishes of those who do not want to hear a thing twice, to say nothing of the inartistic effect of a repetition upon a carefully balanced programme.

The Civic Federation of Chicago has, during the two years of its existence, made its influence felt in many ways. It is an organization of representative citizens leagued for the betterment of the community, and sinking their political and religious differences in a common endeavor for good. Hitherto its activity has been, for the most part, exerted along the lines of social and philanthropic work, of sanitary and educational reform. It has just now taken the initiative in a political movement, and set about to organize a reform or municipal party based upon the idea of all sensible men that national politics should have nothing to do with the management of city affairs. There is some reason to think that it may accomplish its purpose. The non-partisan sentiment (as far as local governments are concerned) is strong in Chicago, and although several independent movements started of late years have failed to do what they set out to do, there has been a steady growth of feeling in the right direction, and each movement of the sort has come a little nearer success than the one before. The Civic Federation commands general respect, its zeal for reform has already become embodied in something more than words, and, what is still more important in the present connection, it already has the beginnings of an effective ward organization upon which to build up the necessary machinery of a reform party able to cope with the regular political bodies on their own ground. The gravest of subjects have their humors, and in this case the humor is provided by the comments of one of our aldermanic statesmen—known to his admiring fellow-citizens as "Bath-house John." He is reported as follows: "The municipal party is a Jonah, an orphan, a child without parentage, which will cry for a little while and die. Honest, I'd rather be a Republican than associate with such a party, that stands for nothing, and, in fact, is nothing but a dream—regular dewy mist. Rise above this mist and look for the earth. You can't see it — it's hid. Keep on looking. The sun comes out and drives the mist away, and you see the solid bed-rock of Democracy and the sands of Republicanism still sticking close to the ground. That's me. I want my feet on the earth."

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has been roundly denouncing President Eliot of Harvard as guilty of high treason, because, as she declared, he has said that the suffrage was not a bulwark of the republic. Miss Anthony further deposed that Mr. Eliot had once informed her at a public dinner that he was of the opinion that all women teachers should be dismissed from the public schools.

But it seems that this traitorous and ungallant President Eliot is a mere straw effigy set up by Miss Anthony to be executed for high treason and execrated by future generations for lack of gallantry, for the real President of Harvard states publicly that he has never held or delivered either of the above opinions. In this conflict of high authorities it seems that the man of straw held these obnoxious views, for if President Eliot had ever imparted to Miss Anthony at a public dinner his belief that all women teachers should be discharged from the public schools, the scene would have afforded a subject for a historical painter almost as interesting as that of Martin Luther throwing an inkstand.

An attempt is being made to amend the Constitution of Massachusetts so that the election of State officers may take place biennially. The Bay State and Rhode Island are the only States in the Union which are irritated by an annual election blister. Organized labor always opposes any change in the State Constitution which will make elections less frequent, but the leading members of both the large parties weary of the necessity of firing the hearts of the people every autumn.

The term of the Mayor of Boston has lately been extended, but this change requires no constitutional amendment. Eternal elections should not be a necessary element in the consideration to be paid for liberty, but these annual contests die hard in Massachusetts.

Ice polo is not fashionable, but it must be exciting. The Fall River *Herald* gives this thrilling word-picture of the performances of one of its gladiators:

> "Drive after drive, high balls, bounders, and scoop shots, all were alike to Sword; he killed them all. For the first five minutes of the game there never was such an assault made as that of the Fall Rivers against the Providence goal. Biff, bang, swish, the ball fairly danced on Sword's shin guards."

W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Stories of buried treasure have always exercised a charm over the imagination of man. Such tales have been rife in California since the *gringo* first came round the Horn and across the plains. Fortunes are supposed to await the Monte Cristo who can establish his claim or locate his treasure—from the money of deceased miners that has prosaically lain accumulating in the Hibernia Bank, or the buried gold of Murietta and Tiburio Vasquez. Recently a couple of expeditions have started to unearth two deposits of treasure as rich and mysterious as the lost mines of the Aztecs. One, a party of Easterners, has gone to San Miguel Island, off Santa Barbara, to find the chests of Spanish doubloons which, according to tradition, were lost there years ago in the wreck of a Spanish bark. The survivors secured their gold, and buried it in a cave close to the historic spot where Cabrillo landed, and afterward, going to the mainland, were slain by the Indians. The second expedition, which is backed by a hotel-keeper in Stockton, makes Cocos Island, off the coast of Central America, its objective point. Cocos Island was once the resort of pirates, and on it, the tale goes, some of the buccaneers buried their riches. The Stockton hotel-keeper and his associates have gone to work in a businesslike way. They have secured a concession from the Nicaraguan government to farm the island for a number of years, and have imported a colony of Germans, who, if the treasure does not turn up, will get what they can out of the land by growing coffee. So far their search has been unsuccessful, the directions on the chart which located the pirates' hoard having led to nothing. But the hotel-keeper and his Germans are not easily daunted, and say they will find the treasure if they have to dig over the whole island.

The excitement in San Francisco over affairs in the Transvaal has waxed stronger than ever since the news of the imprisonment of John Hays Hammond and Charles Butters. Both these gentlemen have been well-known figures of San Francisco life, and are typical specimens of the Californian mining engineer. Mr. Butters was a graduate of the State University in the class of '79. His especial branch was metallurgy, and he was practising this in a mining district in Oregon when called to the Transvaal. There he earned for himself the sobriquet of "Savior of The Rand" by his successful treatment of refractory ores, the impossibility of smelting which threatened at one time to ruin the prospects of the miners on The Rand. Mr. Hammond has also proved the ability of the Californian engineer in his successful operations in excluding water from flooded mines, one of which had been practically given up by the English engineers, and was about to be shut down. In a letter received here recently from Johannesburg, the writer states that one half the engineers thereabouts and on The Rand are Californians.

G. B.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A GOOD CHILD is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.—[*Adv.*]

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair, and remove scalp diseases. Address, Altenheim Medical Dispensary, Room 30, Selves Building, Cincinnati, O. —[*Adv.*]

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is known all over the world, to regulate the digestive organs.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE PREMIER BRAND
CALIFORNIA WINES, BRANDIES AND OLIVE OIL.
PRONOUNCED BY CONNOISSEURS SUPERIOR TO IMPORTED.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, AND WINE MERCHANTS.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.
PACIFIC COAST WINE CO.,
OLDEST WINE GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA.
MAIN OFFICE 849 BROADWAY, BRANCH, 1496 THIRD AVE. NEW YORK.

Pall Mall Magazine
FEBRUARY NUMBER
NOW READY
PRICE 25 CENTS.
EDITED BY
Lord Frederic Hamilton and Sir Douglas Straight.

200 pages profusely illustrated by leading artists in black and white.

Among the principal contributors are the following:
SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN—His Honour and a Lady (serial).
LADY DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY—Penhurst and its Memories.
W WALDORF ASTOR—Brabantio's Love.
J. HOLT SCHOOLING—Secrets in Cipher. II.
DEMETRIUS BOULGER—Fortifications of Paris.
LORD ERNEST HAMILTON, I. ZANGWILL, T. H. S. ESCOTT, Etc.

New York: International News Company, 83-85 Duane Street; MONTREAL: The Montreal News Company; TORONTO: The Toronto News Company.

If afflicted with SORE EYES USE Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Eager to get it— SOZODONT —Pure and Fragrant. Economy to Use It.

This popular dentifrice is always delightful and effective. Used every day, the powder twice a week, it insures better teeth, firmer gums and sweeter breath. SOZODONT is known the world over, having stood the test of half a century as the standard dentifrice of America. Sold by druggists everywhere. Sample Free by mail if you mention this paper.

Address, Hall & Ruckel, Proprietors, New York

UNITED STATES BRANCH
NEDERLAND
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Limited
874 Broadway, New York City.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:
John Crosby Brown, Amos T. French, Charles E. Whitehead, John D. Keiley, James Brown Potter,

Condition on December 31st, 1895.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
United States Bonds	$278,760.00	Premium Reserve	$171,370.00
American Railway Bonds	93,459.92	Death Claims (proofs not yet filed)	13,000.00
Cash on hand and at Bank	57,252.91	Prepaid Premiums	101.72
Deferred and Uncollected Premiums	47,723.84	All other Liabilities	2,048.42
Accrued Interest	1,540.08	Surplus to Policy-holders	292,216.61
	$478,736.75		$478,736.75

NOTE—Additional sound Assets of $81,272.54 (not admitted) are NOT included in this Statement.
Gain in Surplus over 1894, $45,458.93, or 18.43 per cent.

BUSINESS FOR 1895.

In force on December 31st, 1895, 5343 Policies	$18,350,093.00
Which is a gain over 1894 of	10,887,593.00

L. I. DUBOURCQ,
President U. S. Branch.

The Assets of the Home Office in Holland are an additional guarantee to the Company's Policy-holders in the United States.

THE EXQUISITE FLAVOR OF
LIPTON'S TEAS
IS ONLY KNOWN BY TRYING THEM.
Prices, 60, 50 and 40 cents per pound package. If your grocer does not keep them, will send one pound package, prepaid, on receipt of price.
LIPTON, Ceylon Tea Planter. U. S. Offices, 80 Front St., New York.

Arnold Constable & Co
HIGH-CLASS CARPETS.
Royal Wilton,
Lowell Brussels,
English Brussels,
Scotch Axminster.
Special and exclusive designs prepared for our spring trade now on view.
Oriental Rugs.
Japanese Mattings.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.

"Pride of the West
is the best muslin for pillow slips and shams."
Made in 41 and 45 inch widths.
For sale by all retail Dry Goods Dealers.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

NEWLY ELECTED SENATORS.

In Iowa, Senator William B. Allison has for the fifth time been elected to the Senate. At the Republican caucus Mr. Allison was introduced as our "next President," and the enthusiasm was great. Mr. Allison is sixty-seven years old, and a native of Ohio. He has been in Congress since 1865, and in the Senate since 1873. He is a Republican, and a sound-money man.

The new Senator from Maryland, George L. Wellington, of Cumberland, is also a Republican. Mr. Wellington, who is a member of the present House of Representatives, is forty-four years old, and is a self-made man. He went to work in a store when he was twelve years old, and later went into a bank, of which he became teller. In 1882 he was appointed Treasurer of Allegany County, and served six or eight years. In 1884 and again in 1888, he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and in 1889 he was a candidate for State Comptroller. He was defeated, but polled the largest vote ever given up to that time to a member of his party in Maryland. In 1892 he ran for Congress, but was defeated; in 1894 he ran again, and was elected. In 1890, by appointment of President Harrison, Mr. Wellington was made Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Baltimore. Mr. Wellington has long been associated in business and in politics with Governor Lloyd Lowndes, and was the manager of the campaign which resulted in Mr. Lowndes's election.

The new State of Utah sends two men to the Senate. One of these will hold office until March 4, 1897, and the other until March 4, 1899. Next November a Senator will be elected for a full term of six years. For the short term Mr. Frank J. Cannon, a Mormon and a Delegate in Congress, has been elected, and for the longer term Mr. Arthur Brown, anti-Mormon, has been elected. Mr. Cannon could have had either term he chose, but evidently preferred the shorter one with an assurance of re-election to a full term next autumn. Both of these Senators are Republicans, and both favor the free coinage of silver. Mr. Cannon is the son of George Q. Cannon, one of the leaders in the Mormon Church. Although only thirty-seven years old, he is considered to be one of the ablest men in Utah. He was elected to Congress in 1894. When Utah sought admission to the Union there was an informal pledge that one of the seats in the Senate would be given to a Gentile. The Legislature is overwhelmingly Mormon, but this pledge has been kept, and the place bestowed on Mr. Arthur Brown, a Salt Lake lawyer who has been prominent in opposition to the Mormons. Mr. Brown is a native of Michigan, and in his practice at the bar has been noted for his skill in mining cases. He is represented as eccentric in manners and speech.

In Ohio, ex-Governor Joseph B. Foraker, Republican, has been chosen to the Senate to succeed Mr. Calvin Brice, Democrat. This was a foregone conclusion, as Mr. Foraker was almost the unanimous choice of the Republican members of the Legislature. Mr. Foraker has announced that he is a bimetallist and favors a double standard. Mr. Foraker is in his fiftieth year and is a native of Ohio. He went into the army when he was sixteen years old. He was promoted from the ranks, and before the close of the war commanded his company in the Eighty-ninth Ohio Infantry. After the war he went to Cornell, being graduated in 1869. He settled in Cincinnati and practised law. In 1873 he became Chief Supervisor of Elections for the Southern District of Ohio. From 1879 to 1884 he was Judge of the Supreme Court. In 1883 he ran for Governor, but was defeated. In 1885 he ran again and was elected; he was re-elected in 1887.

After balloting for ten days, the Democratic Legislative caucus in Mississippi selected Congressman Hernando De Soto Money to succeed J. Z. George, whose term expires March 4, 1899. Mr. Money, in a speech after his nomination, said that the President's foreign policy was a reversal of the foreign policy of the United States as it had existed for more than a hundred years. He is also opposed to the financial policy of the administration, and is in favor of the free coinage of silver. When Mr. Money takes his seat three years hence he will be sixty years old. He has served for many years in the House of Representatives, where he has failed to gain any considerable distinction. The new Constitution in Mississippi fixes the meetings of the State Legislature for every fourth year. Hence the necessity for an election so long in advance of the beginning of the term.

J. G. Speed.

COLUMBIA'S NEW BUILDINGS.

The Trustees of Columbia College have recently accepted plans for two additional buildings—Schermerhorn Hall, the gift of Mr. William C. Schermerhorn, chairman of the Board of Trustees, and the Physics Building. They will be erected on the northeast corner of that portion of the Morningside Heights property now considered available for building, and will be on Amsterdam Avenue, though facing and entered from an inner quadrangle. The designs have been prepared by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, the architects of the new Columbia Library, the centre around which the other buildings are to be erected.

The new halls will be of the Italian Renaissance style of architecture, and will be constructed of red brick and limestone. Schermerhorn Hall, the larger, being 200 × 80 feet, while the Physics Building is 150 × 50 feet. Both buildings will be four stories in height, with basement and sub-basement.

Schermerhorn Hall has been particularly designed to accommodate the various departments of natural science, and faces to the south, enjoying a bright light, which will afford ample opportunity for microscopic work. It will contain in the rear, on its first and second floors, a large amphitheatre for scientific lectures, besides museums, laboratories, libraries, lecture-rooms, and studies for the officers of instruction. An instance of the completeness of the design of the building is exhibited in the rooms of the Department of Experimental Psychology, where a "quiet room" is to be constructed surrounded entirely with asbestos packing so that experiments may be conducted free from all external disturbance.

The Physics Building will be similar in design to Schermerhorn Hall, but will have two entrances, and extend along Amsterdam Avenue, facing the west. In this building the purposes for which it is built have been most carefully considered, the final arrangement being the result of several years' study on the part of the staff of the Department of Physics. A large lecture-room and laboratories for the many branches of this extensive science have been provided, while below the sub-basement a constant-temperature room is to be excavated in the solid rock.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Attention of Ladies
is specially called to the
numerous advantages of
"SELVYT" BRAND
Polishing Cloths
(Trade-mark registered at Washington, Aug. 6, '95.)
Now being sold by all leading stores throughout the country, at 10 cents upwards, according to size. They entirely do away with the necessity for buying expensive wash or chamois leathers, which they out-polish and out-wear, never become greasy, and are as good as new when washed. Sold hemmed ready for use, and should be in the hands of all domestic and other servants.
For sale by all Dry Goods Stores, Upholsterers, Hardware and Drug Stores, Cycle Dealers, etc.
Wholesale enquiries should be addressed,
"Selvyt," 381 and 383 Broadway, New York.

After the beady, sparkling draught,—who wants the dregs?—The DE-LONG Patent Hook and Eye is the original.
See that
hump?
Richardson
& De Long Bros.,
Philadelphia.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BOILING WATER OR MILK.
If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

World's Columbian Exposition

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE
FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS
MDCCCXCII MDCCCXCIII
TO PABST BREWING CO.
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
OCT XII MCCCCXCII

Facsimile of Medals
Accompanying Supreme Award
Accorded
Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.
Pabst.... Malt Extract
"Pabst-Milwaukee"
The..... "Best" Tonic

The Secret of Woman's Charm
Wright's Myrrh Tooth Soap
In dainty china boxes, at 25c., and tin boxes for travellers. No soapy taste.
Wright's Myrrh Tooth Powder
10c. Delightful flavor; extra large sizes, 25c. Free samples of both on application. Prevent decay, remove tartar, heal sore gums, preserve the enamel, give charmingly white teeth. Take no substitutes. All druggists.
Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)
THE HUMAN HAIR
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—Athenæum.

Cheese Fanciers everywhere find a pleasing Delicacy in the soft, rich
American Club House Cheese.
"It Tickles the Palate."
It's Worthy a Place on the Best Tables. Put up in hermetically sealed glass jars to prevent mold and waste. A regular-size jar will be sent to any address, express prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.
"I am exceedingly pleased with the Cheese."—Mrs. S. T. Rorer.
CHANDLER & RUDD CO., 38 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

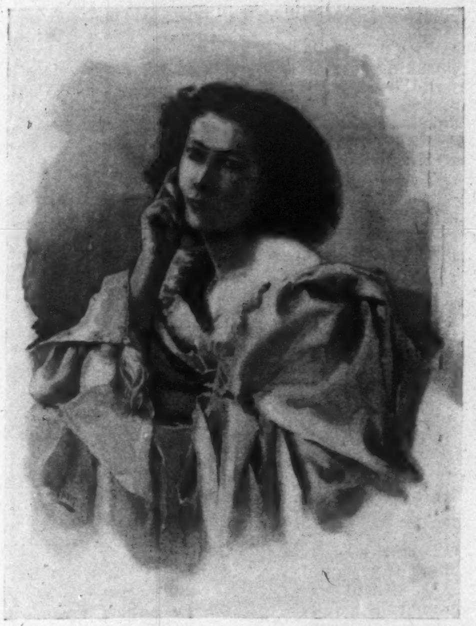
PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago Ill.

GOUT?
For Sale by Druggists.
Pamphlet Free.
LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.
SCHERING'S PIPERAZIN WATER
Recommended for Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.
WILL CURE IT.

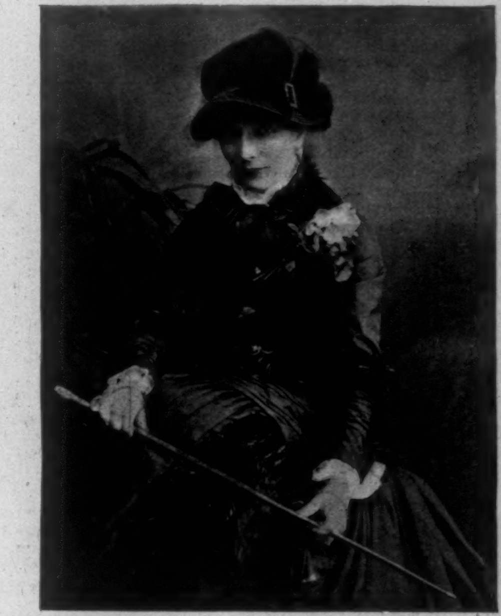
PLANTING
well begun is half done. Begin well by getting Ferry's Seeds. Don't let chance determine your crop, but plant Ferry's Seeds. Known and sold everywhere.
Before you plant, get
Ferry's Seed Annual
for 1896. Contains more practical information for farmers and gardeners than many high-priced text books. Mailed free.
D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Top Snap Extension Rib DOUBLE Breech Loader $7.50
GUNS
BUY-CYCLES
Pistols, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, cheaper than elsewhere. Send 2c. for 60-page catalogue.
POWELL & CLEMENT CO.
166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

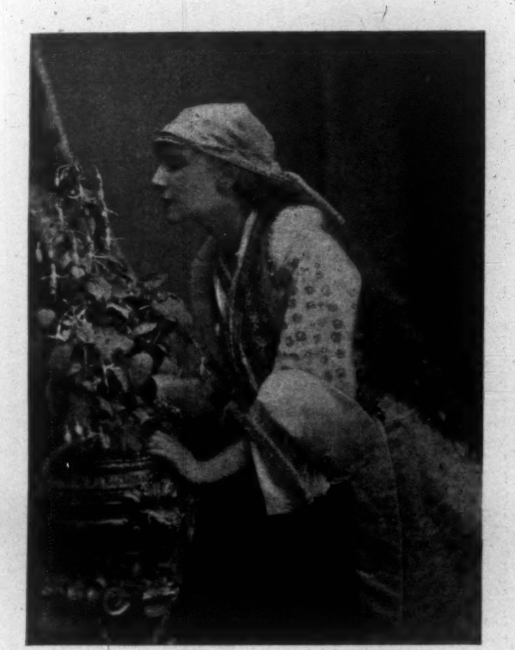
Beecham's pills for constipation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.
Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.



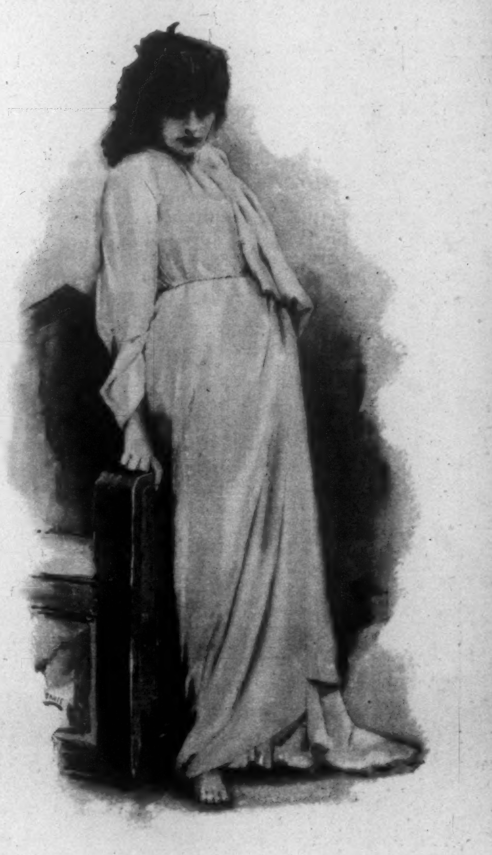
ABOUT 1862, AFTER LEAVING THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE.



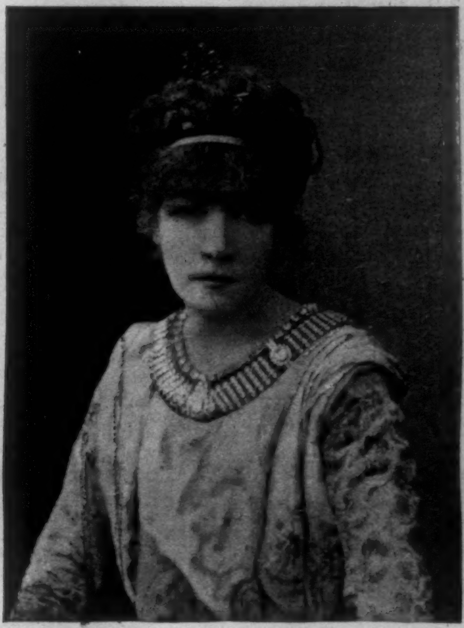
ABOUT 1880.



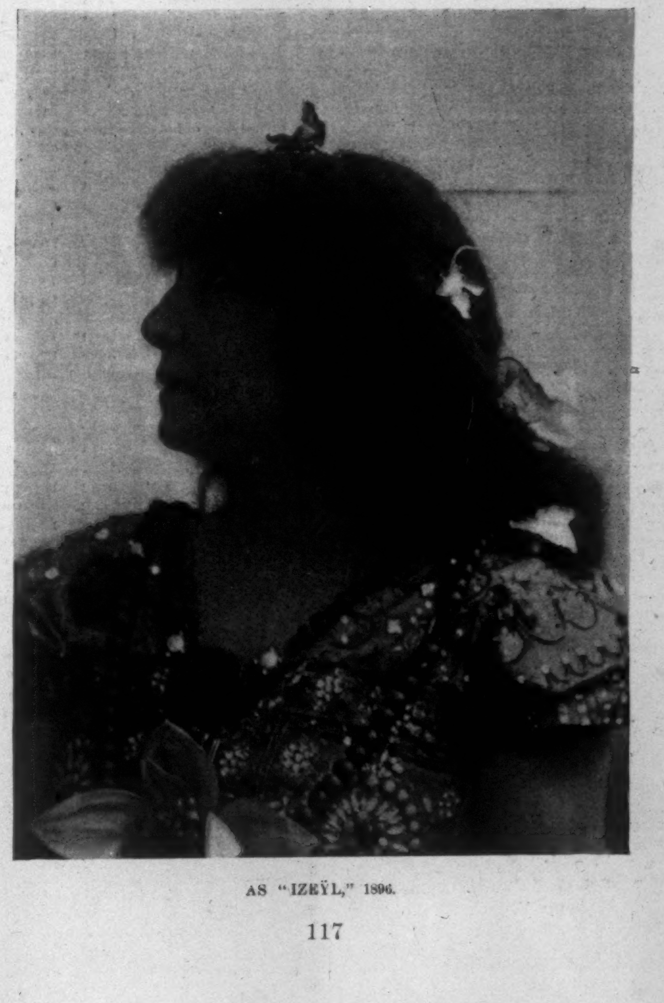
AS "ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR."



AS "LADY MACBETH."



AS "THÉODORA."



AS "IZEŸL," 1896.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

Again is Madame Bernhardt with us. Is it her fourth—is it her fifth visit? Whatever the number is or might be, her welcome is nothing if not satisfactory to her. Whatever the limitations in an actress's artistic theory or practice, this great French one still is the most detached, the most conspicuous dramatic figure of the day. However she has relinquished the most classic and lofty ideal in her profession, yet is she an imperial member of it. Still is she in the public eye the most dominant individuality on the stage of her own country, of Europe, of any other continent. Few players have come to be ranked as her rivals, and of them none has managed to eclipse her. She may be said to have founded a school of methods, and even of temperaments; she has never been outplayed in it. Still wanders she from her Paris headquarters all over the world, whithersoever she will, always the globe's theatrical guest-in-chief.

Time has been singularly amiable toward this masterful, restless, exceptional woman. For was it not as far back as 1844 that Rosine Bernhardt, now known by the firmer English prænomen of "Sarah," came into the busy world? No nearer date than 1862 was it that saw her (as we see her in one portrait of the little *revue* on this page) graduating from the Conservatoire, a slender, romantic-looking young Jewess, green-eyed, oval of face, lavish in her auburn chevelure. The season before the Terrible Year flashed out her real personality before Paris, albeit at Madame Agar's side, when she played Zanetto in *Le Passant*, to be the town's sudden talk in 1869. In 1872 the Théâtre Français sets its new star in that noblest of environment. Some three years later she is a *sociétaire!* And then comes that impetuous rupture with the House of Molière; the flight so passionate yet shrewd; that scuttling away from a supreme national theatre to be the cynosure of the world; the artist before the largest public that any player ever has known. Yes, there needed to be a gallant *entente* between Bernhardt and Time! For, diminish the period as you may, during how many years since the Comédie break has she acted, managed, studied, traversed and retraversed half the world; been applauded from St. Petersburg to San Francisco; placed before the non-French as well as the French races notable things in France's drama, whether classic or romantic or melodramatic; been observed, discussed, criticised, caricatured, imitated, abused, panegyrized, adored! No, decidedly, this is not an affair of a season or so!

It is a secret—but Time and Sarah Bernhardt once met. She laughed at him, took away his scythe, then declaimed the love-scene from *Hernani* to him. Time was conquered. Solemnly he gave her a flask. It was filled from the Fountain of Youth. It is the only such bottle in existence. For a while she used it. Now she has mislaid it. It is no longer necessary.

In such connection, withal, it is interesting to notice changes in her outer self—the more to do so since they are as kindly as her star. The excessive fragility, those gaunt angularities that were the bait of the satirist, they are no more to be seen, or drawn and painted. The hemorrhages and nervous exhaustions and long faintings that inevitably accompanied her rehearsals and performances have passed away. The too-thin woman that was like an ivory carving, that was all profile and fragility, has gained a robuster physique. Yet it still is one ever distinguée, ever of singular refinement and almost fluid grace. One might believe that her steel will, her indomitable resolve to live, to triumph, had made her body recognize its subjection to her mind, and change an ominous frailty of habit to reasonable vigor. The Sarah Bernhardt of to-day is not the Sarah Bernhardt of a dozen years ago. Yet the Adrienne, the Doña Sol, the Phèdre, the Berthe—they are the same, unless the more admirable, wonderful.

And the intervals of her visits, to ourselves, for instance, seem never to have depreciated the most individual parts of her strange professional capital. Her golden voice, which ranges from a treble of such crystal quality to almost a barytone organ, her purity of diction, be it in Racine's verse or a colloquial drama of the day—they are as exceptional and vibrant and skilfully maintained as ever. One *tirade* from Corneille or Racine or De Bornier or Coppée is a lesson when from her lips. Her mastery of stage art is as entire. Her intellectual quickness and grasp of the theatrical contents of a scene are as supreme. Her femininity is as bizarre and vivid. In a word, in the present complete maturity of her life, her art is at its completest maturity. She abides as during past years, an artist *hors ligne;* in many traits incomparable according to French standards; a creature of her world for whose nearest parallel we must call up not Pierson, not Bartet, not Tessandier, not even Madame Agar (that special predecessor and protectress whom she has just honored so affectionately), but Ristori, Rachel, Duchesnois, Georges, and that marvellous Adrienne Lecouvreur, a legend of whose theatrical career has given her an appealing rôle. Of contemporary comédiennes, Signora Duse is the only one that wisely can be placed near her. But certain traits and the national theatre's scope and the repertory of the Italian actress do not maintain the comparison with much nicety. Sarah Bernhardt is yet alone, save when companioned by certain great shadows stalking out of the past. She is still apart.

"Ah, madame," a witty Italian enthusiast is said to have once remarked to her, "only you and the Holy Father are quite by yourselves in the world." And it is true that no matter how widely has been recognized this or that actor's individuality, no dramatic star ever has met with such a universal recognition as Madame Bernhardt. Every country, every capital, every considerable city, every hamlet one may say, has heard and seen her, knows her, knows of her. Her distinction is as established in South America, Australia, Russia, England, Spain, Finland, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Peru, Yankeedom, as in France. She has surpassed art's nationalism. Moreover, without troubling herself to learn one other language, she has brought whole nations of theatre-goers under the spell of her genius speaking out through merely her own tongue. The facilities of travel, too, which aid such progresses as hers about the world, are of relatively recent perfecting. Garrick or Siddons, or Talma or Rachel, might have shone further had they enjoyed them. But they did not: their public was not one of two hemispheres, and their fame remained comparatively restricted. But Sarah Bernhardt has gone whither she would, and triumphed where she chose; and Paris is but the headquarters of professional campaigns that would extend to the planets, if the Pullman could glide up among them, and if audiences in them had eyes and ears—and francs.

During her present American tournée Madame Bernhardt will be heard in two novelties, perhaps in three; though she will adhere largely to her usual repertory. *Izeÿl*, a legendary drama in verse by Sylvestre and Morand, will be a particular matter, the subject being a Buddhistic legend of religion and temptation and death, reminding one a good deal of that of Mary Magdalen, the Maria Egyptiaca, and of Thaïs. Unfortunately it is a weak and even rather offensive play in essentially commonplace verse. Madame Bernhardt makes much of it, however, and by her personality carries it. Daudet's deeply pathetic rural play *L' Arlésienne* will be brought out for the first time in America. It will be well if it can be given the embellishment of Bizet's music to it. A drama of Madame Bernhardt's writing, *La Duchesse Catherine*, may have its actual *première* here. But aside from these, *Ghismonda*, *Camille*, *Adrienne*, *Fedora*, *La Tosca*, *Magda* (the French version of Ibsen's play), and *Phèdre* will be drawn on. If our public could hear her again as *Théodora* and *Doña Sol*, and listen to her as *Andromaque* or *Berthe*, there would be keener satisfaction. But such things may be for a future time, another visit, or other visits. Far from failure to make them be the future of the actress of whom it can be said, as of none other, in the words of Mario Bertaux—"Elle a l'univers pour théâtre, avec des points de repère variés" . . . . "une de ces figures idéales et romantiques, rêves de poëtes, dont il faut jouir." E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

INCOMPETENCE.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.
Too easy task in which to fall
It seems to me. But, by my troth,
Too many cooks can't cook at all!

AMATEVR · SPORT

GAME LAWS AND GAME OF AMERICA.

PART I.

BY STODDARD GOODHUE.

IF a person unfamiliar with the game of our country were to copy from the game laws of our various States the names of all the different kinds of animals and birds mentioned therein, I dare not guess how many specifications his list would contain when completed. But I can confidently affirm that the compiler of the list would be sorely puzzled long before he had finished his task. Suppose him to be an Englishman bent on a hunting trip in America. He will not have delved far into our laws before he will discover—or seem to discover—that several old friends are likely to greet him here. The occurrence of the words "quail," "partridge," "pheasant," "English snipe," and the like, will make our laws seem familiar reading to him at the outset. But this very familiarity will in a moment change to confusion. For presently he will read—in the game laws of Mississippi, for example—that the "quail" is sometimes called "colin," and sometimes also "Virginia partridge"; then he will learn that in another State the "partridge" is properly called "bob-white"; in yet another the synonymy of "partridge" is extended to include "ruffed grouse," while ruffed grouse in turn becomes the equivalent of "pheasant" and "willow-grouse" (British Columbia); and, to cap the climax, it appears, according to the law-makers of Newfoundland, that the "willow-grouse" is really the ptarmigan.

After getting through this mystifying tangle of synonyms, our foreign game-seeker will be sorely puzzled, I take it, to decide whether in colin, quail, bob-white, partridge, Virginia partridge, pheasant, ruffed grouse, willow-grouse, and ptarmigan he has to do with nine species or with a single species. His confusion will hardly be lessened if some one familiar with the subject informs him—as might truthfully be done—that no species of quail, partridge, or pheasant is indigenous to this country, or is referred to in the laws that have puzzled him. The familiar names he has seen have no reference to the birds he naturally supposes them to represent. Just what they do represent he cannot possibly divine in advance, hence there is little probability that he will correctly untangle the maze of synonyms. Even in the laws of a single State he will often be puzzled to know whether such couplets as "woodcock or mud-snipe," occurring at the close of a list, mean two species or one; and nothing less than inspiration could tell him that the "rail" of most States, the "rail-bird" of Pennsylvania, and the "wild water-fowl called sora" of Virginia, must be listed as a single species.

I repeat, therefore, that a stranger attempting to compile a list of our game from the game laws of our various States would produce a list whose exact limitations could not be predicted, the uncertainty arising, as I have tried to make clear by illustrations, from the ambiguities of terminology of the game laws themselves. So great are the shortcomings of our laws in this regard that even a person perfectly familiar with the game of the country must sometimes be in doubt as to the exact meaning of some of the laws. It is not quite clear, for example, whether the word "quail" in some of the western States is meant to include several species of bob-white or only one, and elsewhere such generic names as "godwit," "tatler," and "yellow-legs" are used with like ambiguity.

It hardly needs saying that such ambiguity as this is altogether inexcusable. Laws should be explicit and unequivocal in their meanings, and there is no valid reason why the nomenclature of our game laws should be so obscure as to confuse even a stranger. Each species of animal and bird has a correct name given it by naturalists, and by which it is known to naturalists everywhere. All confusion and uncertainty would be avoided if this name were used in every case in the game laws. As large a synonymy of colloquial names might be added as desired for the edification of the local sportsman, without introducing any element of uncertainty.

From what has been said it will be manifest that our game laws do not readily reveal the secret of the kinds of game they are intended to protect. It is worth while, therefore, to interpret the laws, and compile a correctly named list of the different species of game birds and animals to be found in our country. Omitting certain fur-bearing animals, birds of plume, and harmless small birds as not being properly game, even though mentioned in the game laws, such a list here follows. Less important species are named in groups; more important ones are cited specifically by their proper vernacular, their scientific, and their colloquial names.

Bison or buffalo, *Bison bison*.

Deer of seven species, of which the largest is the moose, *Alces americanus*, and the most generally distributed the white-tailed or Virginia deer, *Cariacus virginianus* (the "common deer" everywhere), the others being the wapiti, *Cervus canadensis* (almost universally called elk), the mule-deer, *Cariacus macrotus*, the black-tailed deer, *Cariacus columbianus*, and the caribou (called reindeer).

Our other ruminants are the musk-ox, *Ovibos moschatus*, the prong-horned antelope, *Antilocarpa americana*, the mountain-goat, *Mazama montana*, and the mountain-sheep, *Ovis canadensis* (usually called big-horn).

Other animals which must be mentioned, even though taking only minor rank, are foxes, bears, rabbits, hares, and squirrels, each of several species.

Birds furnish a much more extensive list, as follows:

Swans of two species.

Geese of eleven species (besides several subspecies), of which the best known are the Canada goose, *Branta canadensis* (the "common wild-goose"), and the brant, *Branta bernacla*.

Ducks of forty species, many of them important.

Cranes of three species.

Coots, gallinules, and rails of fifteen species, of which the most important is the sora, or Carolina rail, *Porzana carolina*.

Shore birds of seventy species, including phalaropes, avosets, oyster-catchers, plover, sand-pipers, godwits, curlew, etc. Two species are among our finest game-birds, and have been generally singled out for specific mention in our game laws. These are the American woodcock, *Philohela minor* (called also mud-snipe, blind-snipe, etc.), and Wilson's snipe, *Gallinago delicata* (called English snipe, jack-snipe, and gray snipe).

American partridges of seven species, the only one having ane astern habitat being the familiar bob-white, *Colinus virginianus* (called quail, colin, Virginia partridge, and ortyx).

Ptarmigans of four species.

Native woodland grouse of four species, the best known of which is the ruffed grouse, *Bonasa umbellus* (called partridge in the north and pheasant in the south), the other species being the dusky grouse, *Dendragapus obscurus* (called blue grouse), the Canada grouse, *Dendragapus canadensis*, and Franklin's grouse, *Dendragapus franklinii*.

Open-country grouse of six species, chief among which is the prairie-hen, *Tympanuchus americanus* (called pinnated grouse and prairie-chicken). Three of the others are so closely similar to the prairie-hen that only an expert can distinguish them; the remaining species are the sharp-tailed grouse, *Pediocætes phasianellus* (called speckled grouse and white-breasted prairie-chicken), and the sage-grouse, *Centrocercus urophasianus* (called cock-of-the-plains), our largest native grouse.

The wild turkey, *Meleagris gallopavo*, completes the list of our native gallinaceous birds, but of late several foreign birds of this group have been introduced here and given the protection of our game laws. These are the European quail, *Coturnix communis*, the European partridge, *Perdix cineria*, the black-cock, *Tetrao tetrix*, the capercailzie, *Tetrao urogallus* (called cock-of-the-woods), and several species of pheasants.

Returning to native birds, there remain to complete our list only the doves and pigeons, of which we have thirteen species, the best known being the mourning-dove, *Zenaidura macroura* (called turtle-dove), and the passenger-pigeon, *Ectopistes migratorius*.

Our game laws do indeed mention two other species of birds as if they were properly game-birds, prescribing close seasons for the bobolink, *Dolichonyx oryzivorus* (called reed-bird, rice-bird, and ortolan), and the meadow-lark, *Sturnella magna* (called field-lark and starling), but these are properly song-birds, and not game-birds at all, and the retention of their names on any game list is to be deplored. The destruction of attractive and harmless song-birds should under no circumstances be tolerated; least of all should such vandalism be paraded as sport.

Confining our attention to birds and animals that have fair title to a place on the game lists, it appears that rather more than two hundred distinct species have passed muster. That certainly is a creditable showing. Taken at its face value our list might seem to prove that America is the paradise of sportsmen. But, unfortunately, we who are familiar with the practical state of affairs here know that there is a large element of illusion in this list as just cited. Not that the two hundred and odd species of game are imaginary. They exist here beyond question. But they exist under conditions that are not revealed in a mere catalogue of their names.

In the first place, by no means all of them inhabit any single territory. Our vast country is divided into several areas of distribution of fauna (so-called life-areas), the bounds of which are of course imaginary, or only fixed by climatic and vegetative conditions, yet which are in some measure regarded by most of our furred and feathered creatures.

Speaking very broadly, the first of these regions comprises the eastern States, from the Missouri to the Gulf and the Atlantic, and north to the Great Lakes. This region was originally the home of the Virginia deer, the black bear, the wild turkey, the heath-hen and prairie-hen, the ruffed grouse, bob-white, and the woodcock.

A second region comprises the plateaus of the west, known generally as the plains. Here were found the bison, the wapiti, the antelope, the sage-grouse, the sharp-tailed grouse, the lesser prairie-hen, and southern prairie-hen.

A third region comprises the Pacific slope and the southwestern plateaus. Several species of bob-whites and partridges that are not found elsewhere are the chief distinguishing features of this region.

A fourth region, more expansive than any of the others, includes most of the British possessions, a section of the northern portion of the United States, taking in most of Maine, the mountainous portions of Vermont and New Hampshire and New York, northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, Montana, Idaho, and Oregon, and the peaks of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains far to the south. This wide territory was the home of the moose, the caribou, the woodland grouse and ptarmigans, and in its northwestern portions of the black-tailed and mule deer, the mountain-goat and mountain-sheep, the musk-ox, the grizzly and cinnamon bears.

Of course no species of bird or animal confines itself absolutely to any territory the bounds of which can be sharply drawn, but generally speaking these "life-areas" represent the habitat of our different kinds of game. Only the water-fowl—swimmers and waders—utterly disregard all territorial restrictions, and are to be found at the proper season from ocean to ocean and from tropics to arctics.

But even though not all of the game-birds and mammals are to be found in a single region, enough species are coresidents in all favored territories to leave the sportsman no cause for complaint, were the different kinds but numerously represented. And in an early day they were as abundant as could be desired. A hundred, yes even fifty, years ago America was—what it is no longer—the paradise of sportsmen. Then, as we know from the records of our predecessors, the antelope and wapiti roamed over the open country by thousands; bison were numbered in millions; moose and caribou and deer revelled in the woodlands. Then the wild turkey rambled through every southern thicket, the ruffed grouse drummed in every northern copse, bob-white whistled in every clearing, the prairie-hen sought out every glade from the Missouri to the Atlantic, and in their season wild-fowl of a hundred species teemed in all the waters of the land. But those days are reminiscent. The pathetic story of the bison—how its ranks dwindled from millions to thousands, from that to hundreds, at last to scores, until a mere remnant remains in the National Park, even there not quite secure from the raids of vandals—this pathetic and humiliating history is known to every one.

But only a degree less humiliating, because slightly less complete, has been the decimation of the ranks of wapiti and moose and prong-horn in all settled regions. Of course it is some consolation, though no excuse, that this large game must ultimately have disappeared before the advance of the settlements, however well protected. But so much cannot be said of most species of smaller game, whose ranks have been correspondingly thinned. The prairie-hen, for example, has faded from eastern uplands. Year by year the eastern limit of its habitat has receded, till now this finest of prairie birds is scarcely to be found east of the Mississippi, and in no large numbers east of the Missouri. Even States so far west as Kansas and Arkansas found it necessary last year to prohibit killing of this bird altogether to prevent its complete annihilation within their bounds. Yet, under proper conditions, the prairie-hen loves the settled country. Of late it has been extending its habitat westward, following the settlements up the Missouri. Had it been protected as it should have been it would still be abundant in all the open lands of middle and eastern States.

The woodland grouse, better protected by their environment, have not suffered quite to the same extent, but they too have ceased to be abundant almost everywhere in the east, and in many regions have been altogether exterminated.

In short, as the matter stands to-day, most regions of our eastern States are so meagrely supplied with game of any kind that many a sometime sportsman does not find it worth while to take his gun from its case from year's end to year's end, and hosts of would-be sportsmen have been forced to the miserable expedient of trap-shooting to satisfy their gunning instinct.

This practical picture affords a lamentable contrast to the imaginary picture which the stranger might naturally conjure up as he read our game laws with their record of more than two hundred distinct species of game!

In the far north and northwest, it is true, game of many kinds is still abundant, but this is only because these regions are still unsettled and inaccessible. In the less remote northwestern regions of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, which have been settled in the last quarter-century, game has been exterminated at a rate never before even approached in the history of our country. In many regions of Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Kansas, where ten years ago the veriest tyro could fill his game-bag, to-day the most skilled expert can often make but a flimsy showing.

Such a record furnishes a sad commentary on the unwisdom, the lack of foresight, the destructiveness, the downright vandalism of our race. For, be it said once for all, it is everywhere man and man alone who is responsible for the disappearance of the game. But for the vandal market-hunter and the intemperate sportsman, our land would still be a Nimrod's paradise.

And why, comes the natural query, has this vandalism been tolerated? We have game laws in plenty, and have had them for fifty years or more in all the older States. The presumptive object of game laws is to protect the game. Were these laws inaccurately framed, or have they been disregarded? Why have they failed of their alleged purpose? An attempt to answer this question through study of our game laws as they are and as they should be will be made in the succeeding paper.

"PONY TRACKS."—WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—8VO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $3 00.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

There is ☙ no satisfaction in using a cheap, ☙ inferior perfume. It costs more eventually. ☙ Besides, it doesn't take ☙ an expert to detect its shoddiness. ☙

Cheap ☙ perfumes ☙ always ☙ speak for ☙ themselves----and loudly too. ☙ ☙

J. G. Mouson & Co.,
(London, Paris, Frankfort),

makers of the two latest ☙ and ☙ most popular odors ☙

Bouquet
Carmen Sylva
and
Violette Impériale

have produced perfect perfumes for a century. ☙ They know how. ☙

Save 1/3 of Your FEED BILL

by using this box. The only practical **SLOW FEEDER** made. It absolutely **prevents waste** from slobbering or tossing the feed out of the box. Galvanized steel—weighs 9½ pounds. **Don't cost much.** See your harness or hardware dealer or send for booklet to

National Feed Box Co.,
Detroit, Mich.
54 McGraw Building.
Agents Wanted Everywhere.

We Manufacture, Import, and Deal in

STEREOPTICONS AND LANTERN SLIDES

Accessory Apparatus of Every Description.
Write for Catalogue V.
McIntosh Battery & Optical Co., Chicago.

BICYCLES—400 Fine Second-Hand Wheels must be closed out. Agents wanted.
Send for lists.
D. B. Mead & Prentiss, Chicago.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

HER COMPLEXION IS LIKE A DIAMOND, CLEAR, PURE, SPARKLING & BEAUTIFUL,
BECAUSE SHE USES
POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER.
A Handsome "SCOVILL'S GOLD" Puff Box Given FREE with each Box of Powder.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
ASK FOR IT.

Cuticura WORKS Wonders

In curing torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humours of the Skin and Blood.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London. Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

If afflicted with SORE EYES use Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil

Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is *pure* and *sweet*, as testified to by numerous awards and wide repute. A trial will convince you of its superior excellence as a food product.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by
S. RAE & CO.,
Established 1836. *Leghorn, Italy.*

VIOLETTES DU CZAR
(Czar's Violets)
CONCENTRATED PERFUMES
L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 11. place de la Madeleine. PARIS

HALF NICKEL FRONT FORK

Waverley BICYCLES.

ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCED RIDERS,

Those who have learned to know the difference between a wheel that actually is high grade and one that is simply claimed to be. Others may be good, but the Waverley is the **Highest of all High Grades.**

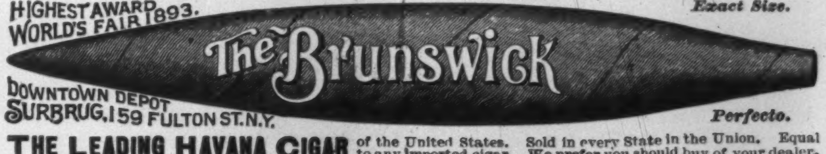
REWARD of a new Waverley Scorcher is offered to each person who recovers a stolen '96 Waverley during 1896, payable upon presentation to us of satisfactory proof of the facts and the sentence of the thief. This reward is open to every one excepting the owner of the stolen wheel, but is not payable to more than one person in any case.

ART CATALOGUE FREE BY MAIL. INDIANA BICYCLE CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

STEARNS BICYCLES
"THE YELLOW FELLOW"

THE STEARNS HAS BEEN THE LEADER OF BICYCLES IN PROGRESSIVE MECHANICAL CONSTRUCTION.
THE '96 MODELS ECLIPSE ALL FORMER EFFORTS.
SEND FOR BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE
E·C·STEARNS AND CO.
SYRACUSE·N·Y·

TINKHAM CYCLE CO., New York City Agents, 306-310 West 59th Street.


HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR 1893.
Exact Size.
The Brunswick
DOWNTOWN DEPOT SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.
Perfecto.

THE LEADING HAVANA CIGAR of the United States. Sold in every State in the Union. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send $1.00 for sample box of ten. Send money by registered mail.

JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.

For more than 20 Years the standard. Scott's Emulsion.

VIN MARIANI
(MARIANI WINE)
THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.

"Vin Mariani is exquisite. I heartily recommend it to all whose nervous system requires a calming tonic."

Henri Marteau.

At Druggists & Fancy Grocers. Avoid Substitutions.
Sent free, if this paper is mentioned, Descriptive Book, Portraits and Autographs of Celebrities.
MARIANI & CO.,
Paris: 41 Boulevard Haussmann. 52 West 15th St., New York.
London: 239 Oxford Street.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS
CRESCENT BICYCLES
CHICAGO U.S.A.
WESTERN WHEEL WORKS, BUILDERS
CHICAGO NEW YORK
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Monarch

Mounted on this king of bicycles, you are Monarch of all you survey. All nature is yours as you speed along on your ride of health and happiness. You can depend on the MONARCH in any emergency. There's "Know How" in the making.

4 models. $80 to $100, fully guaranteed. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the **Defiance** is made in 8 models, $40 to $75.

Send for Monarch book.

Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co.
Lake, Halsted and Fulton Sts.,
CHICAGO.
83 Reade Street,
NEW YORK.

ADULTS $65-$80-$100
"JUVENILES" $45-$75
EXAMINE OUR PATENTED FEATURES.
Olympic BICYCLES
GET OUR CATALOGUE AND "HINTS FOR WHEELMEN."
OLYMPIC CYCLE MF'G. CO.
NEW YORK OFFICE 35 LIBERTY ST.

KALAMAZOO WHIST

KALAMAZOO WHIST
(*Patented Nov. 3d, 1891*)
was *exclusively used* in the American Whist League Tournaments, at N. Y., **1892**; Chicago, **1893**; Phila., **1894**, and Minneapolis, **1895**.
Once a devotee of Whist tries the Kalamazoo Method the old game has no further charms. *At dealers' or direct from*
IHLING BROS. & EVERARD,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "100 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.